THE WAR AGAINST PRODUCTION'S CHAIN-GANG . . H. M. Kallen

LIBRARY
SEP 14 '44

# THE Saturday Review OF LITERATURE

VOLUME XXVII No. 37 NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1944 FIFTEEN CENTS

"PASTORAL"
by Nevil Shute
Reviewed by Ben Ray Redman

"PEOPLE ON OUR SIDE"
by Edgar Snow
Reviewed by Mark Gayn

"DEMOCRACY REBORN"
by Henry A. Wallace
Reviewed by Marquis W. Childs

"SHIP TO SHORE"
by William McFee
Reviewed by Arthur D. Howden Smith

"STEAMBOATS COME TRUE"
by James Thomas Flexner
Reviewed by John T. Winterich

STRICTLY PERSONAL
by Struthers Burt

NEVIL SHUTE is still in the front rank in the field of war-flying literature. . . . (See page 7)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The first novel in four years by one of the greatest of modern writers

**ALDOUS HUXLEY**

# *Time* MUST HAVE A *Stop*

Not since *Point Counter-Point* has Aldous Huxley written a novel that will be so profoundly enjoyed by so wide a public. All his accustomed brilliance, his insight and remorseless penetration of character are here—carried along by an exciting and memorable story. It is one of the most provocative and most genuinely entertaining novels of recent years. $2.75

"It is a humorous, wise and beautiful testament."

—IRWIN EDMAN, *N. Y. Herald Tribune Book Review*

# One Man's Meat

**A NEW AND ENLARGED EDITION**

**E. B. WHITE**

Ten new chapters have been added to this book which, when it first appeared, delighted thousands with its mellow humor, quiet wisdom and reassuring faith. "I think it is a swell book, especially for a simple rustic like myself. It has the real flavor of the country, the fine touch of the philosopher and the lilt of the poet."—John Kieran. "There's sanity and refreshment and a new faith in mankind in all his homespun and highly sophisticated words."—Kenneth Horan, *Chicago Daily News.* $2.75

**HARPER & BROTHERS • 49 East 33rd Street • New York 16**

MARGERY

# *Sharp*

creates the ideal companion for Julia, of *THE NUTMEG TREE*

# CLUNY BROWN

**Cluny** was an orphan—niece to an unusual plumber.

**Cook said** she always looked "protem."

**Betty Cream said** she looked like "someone."

**Cluny** had as much sense as most girls, was tall, willing, good-tempered, not a "Lovely."

**One Sunday,** she stayed in bed all day, eating oranges, to relax the nerves.

**Shipped off** to Sir Henry Carmel's estate, to escape the probability of being seduced, she confused everybody . . . except the famous Polish writer, Adam Belinski.

**Cluny and** Adam Belinski, in fact, suddenly startle you by solving the plot.

**"You will lose your heart to Cluny Brown . . . The book is delicious in charm and humor and in a deeper feeling, too."**
**—Christopher Morley, Book-of-the-Month Club News**

*A Book-of-the-Month Club Selection* $2.50

**LITTLE, BROWN**



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# This Week

## Features


PAGE

THE WAR AGAINST THE CHAIN-GANG OF PRODUCTION
By Horace Kallen ..... 5


## Reviews


PEOPLE ON OUR SIDE
By Edgar Snow
*Reviewed by Mark Gayn* ..... 7

PASTORAL
By Nevil Shute
*Reviewed by Ben Ray Redman* ..... 8

SHIP TO SHORE
By William McFee
*Reviewed by Arthur D. Howden Smith* .. 9

ASIA'S LANDS AND PEOPLE
By George B. Cressy
*Reviewed by Fairfield Osborn* ..... 10

DEMOCRACY REBORN
By Henry A. Wallace
*Reviewed by Marquis W. Childs* ..... 11

A CENTURY OF LATIN AMERICAN THOUGHT
By William Rex Crawford
*Reviewed by Hubert Herring* ..... 13

OMNIPOTENT GOVERNMENT
By Ludwig Von Mises
*Reviewed by Hans Kohn* ..... 21

THE WAR OF 1812
By Henry Adams
*Reviewed by Brigadier General Donald Armstrong* ..... 23

STEAMBOATS COME TRUE
By James Thomas Flexner
*Reviewed by John T. Winterich* ..... 23


## Departments


YOUR LITERARY I.Q. ..... 10
STRICTLY PERSONAL
By Struthers Burt ..... 12
EDITORIAL ..... 14
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR ..... 15
TRADE WINDS
By Bennett Cerf ..... 16
LITERARY CRYPT: No. 64 ..... 20
THE CRIMINAL RECORD ..... 24
THE PHOENIX NEST
By William Rose Benét ..... 24
DOUBLE-CROSTICS: No. 546 ..... 27
DOUBLE-CROSTICS CLUB ..... 27



THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Amy Loveman, Secretary. Subscription, $5 a year; $6 in Canada and other countries; $4 for service men in U. S. At least 3 weeks' notice required for changes of address; both old and new addresses must be given. Printed in U. S. A. Vol. XXVII, No. 37, September 9, 1944. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature." Copyright, 1944, by Saturday Review Associates, Inc.



*Here is the most beautiful love story Nevil Shute has ever written. . . . A Book-of-the-Month Club Selection for September. . . .*

PASTORAL

*by NEVIL SHUTE*

*Author of "Pied Piper," etc.*

"I HASTEN TO BE AMONG THE FIRST TO HAIL IT AS MAGIC. . . . A love story as honest as it is appealing, simple, clean and young. . . . A love story in a world of hate and a happy story in the midst of war. . . . No one can top this British author in sheer story-telling ability."—*Charles Lee, Philadelphia Record*

"A FINE ROMANTIC NOVEL. If you want to understand a bomber pilot's life—which is new—and a young man in love—which is as old as the hills—I commend to you 'Pastoral.' "
—*N. Y. Herald Tribune Books*

"AN EXCELLENT STORY. . . . Shute works his miracles of the air with the sure and steady hand of a practical magician." —*N. Y. Times Book Review*

At your bookstore, $2.50

*. . . and published by* MORROW

too busy to die

by H. W. RODEN

*Author of "You Only Hang Once"*

X marks the MORROW MYSTERY

"Here's richness," says Will Cuppy, "if you like 'em fast, tough, breezy . . . highly amusing." $2





PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Editorial report...

THE ARCHIVES of any publishing house that has been in business as long as we have inevitably get cluttered up with lots of paper. Ours is no exception. We try to control the clutter by weeding regularly, but the process of accumulation goes on at a faster pace than our weeding does. As a result our archives crowd us, worry us, make moving a problem.

But every now and then we come across a document that we had forgotten or weren't even aware of, and our hoard of old papers becomes a *precious* burden.

Such a document is the *Editorial Report Form* we are reproducing on this page. This form was drawn up by Mr. Henry Holt, half a century ago, for the guidance of his editorial readers. Its wise and healthy attitude on how to choose a book for publication served us well in the past. Though our instructions to editorial readers have changed somewhat in these fifty years, they have not changed basically. Books are not accepted (or rejected, for that matter) for whimsical or arbitrary reasons. In the weeks to come we shall, in this space, tell you about some of our reasons for publishing many of the volumes on our list—some famous, some obscure.

We shall also be telling you about our Fall publications as they appear. Among these will be the new Ernie Pyle book BRAVE MEN, Joseph Wood Krutch's biography of SAMUEL JOHNSON, Crockett Johnson's BARNABY AND MR. O'MALLEY, Morris R. Cohen's A PREFACE TO LOGIC, and the long-awaited novel by Marguerite Bayliss THE BOLINVARS.

Author..... Title..... About..... words

Time and Place..... Number of hours taken for this opinion.....

Date Sent..... Date returned.....

Name and Address of Reader.....

Sometimes our readers seem to labor under the impression that we are ready to publish commonplace books on the chance of getting commonplace audiences, because such audiences, when got, are apt to be very wide. This is not our policy. We want to publish only books for which our name will be taken as our recommendation, by people whose standards reach at least the modest heights of our own. We would, however, place very powerful human appeal, if in good enough form not to alienate good taste, among the qualities justifying anybody's attention. Considering all this, please tell us regarding this book:

1. Are its morals sound? Not does it deal only with moral things: its morals may be entirely sound if it deals with immoral things in a moral way. Underline this YES or NO.
2. Is there anything above the respectable commonplace in it? Underline this YES or this NO. If you underline the NO please stop just where you are.
3. Is there enough above the respectable commonplace to justify the busy head of the publishing house whose policy is defined above, not merely as a publisher, but as a human being, in spending his time over it? Underline this YES or this NO.
4. If you underline the YES, please state below the merits inducing you to do so, with references to pages. Such references will save much trouble in reaching the final determination.

After you have done justice to the merits, (which will be worth doing only if they greatly overweigh the defects,) it may be worth while to take a turn at the defects, also with references to pages.

Please do not write to the left of marginal line. If more than this page is needed, use both sides of the sheet. Do not give plots of novels any farther than necessary to explain conclusions reached.

In case you do not recommend publication, please state whether you think the MS. has sufficient distinction, either of quality or force, to make the author worth following up on the chances of the future. Underline YES or NO.

HENRY HOLT & COMPANY

257 FOURTH AVE.

NEW YORK 10, N.Y.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*The Saturday Review of Literature*

# The War Against the Chain-Gang of Production

## *The Consumer Co-operatives Reach Their Hundredth Birthday*

H. M. KALLEN

As the first century of the Consumer Coöperative Movement comes to its close, we may speculate a little about what was in the minds of Charles Howarth and his twenty-seven mates when they chose to call themselves The Society of Equitable Pioneers.

What, if they were alive this day, would the twenty-eight weavers of Rochdale think had come of their mission and destiny as they looked upon the world-wide company of the more than hundred million men and women who have formed consumer societies according to the Rochdale pattern and conduct their affairs upon the Rochdale rule? They would, I fancy, be as surprised as Columbus, who trying out only an untried road to the Indies found he had broken a new way to a new continent. For fundamentally, the members of the Toad Lane Society had not liberated themselves from the ways of thinking and feeling of the producer economy that they had grown up in and were the victims of. It had not occurred to them that by nature they were consumers—consumers first, last, and all the time; and that they were producers by nurture only, and intermittently. The need they felt was for what we today call "security," and they identified security with "employment" just as their descendants do. Of course they knew that there were more fortunately-placed people who could eat and love and live without working, but it never occurred to them that they themselves could be thus fortunate; that it is those who do not eat that must die, not those who do not work. Only if those who do not work are prevented from eating is leisure a road to disaster and death, instead of what it has always been considered, the way of freedom, the way to the good life. The Rochdale Pioneers had no thought of leisure or freedom. They organized their Society in order to provide themselves with employment and food and clothing and shelter; in order to set up "self-supporting colonies of united interests" whose inhabitants might, by working them, earn and share "profits in proportion to purchases." "Profits," "employment" were focal in the aspirations of the men of Rochdale.

Nor could it have been otherwise. The English world in which they lived and moved and had their being was a producer-minded world where they figured not as men but as workmen, not as master of themselves but as employees and servants of their employers. And so they also considered themselves. It was in the hope that they might relieve this condition that they organized their Society of Equitable Pioneers.

But as this Society of theirs grew and budded and bourgeoned in Branches and a Wholesale Department, and as it was joined by new societies, inspired by their example, the Pioneers, remaining all the while employees of the businesses for which they worked, became in their turn employers in the businesses that they owned. Early in their history they had been befriended by a number of gentlemen who were also Christian Socialists—churchmen like Frederick Maurice, barristers like E. V. Neale—gentlemen moved by a deep pity for the state of the workingmen of Britain. These humanitarians, gentlemen though they were, were as producer-minded as the workingmen they sought to aid. The latter, these gentlemen believed, could help themselves best by organizing coöperative societies of producers and sharing the profits of their labors on equal terms. Maurice and his companions had set up several such producers' coöperatives; and they insisted that in equity the rule of the primacy of the producer should govern also the association of the Rochdale consumers.

HAD they prevailed, the employees of the consumer societies would have been set up as a privileged caste of workers and the societies would employed them would have been put at a serious disadvantage in the competitive field. One of the many contributions of J. T. W. Mitchell to the theory and practice of consumer organization was to drive that point home, and in driving it home to uncover the new meaning which consumer enterprise was giving the term

—*Lithograph by Harry Sternberg.*

**"The laborer is a tool with life in it . . ."**



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"profit." By training and experience as producer-minded as his opponents, Mitchell for a long time thought of "profit" in the usual way. In the course of his defense of the interest of the consumer members of the co-operative societies against inequitable demands by their employees and against the justification of those demands by the Christian Socialists, he came, however, to realize *the primacy of the consumer*. Profit, he declared, "is made by the consumption of the people," and the consumers ought to have the profit. "The Pioneers," he advised the Coöperative Congress of 1892, "did not start with capital or labor but with consumption." All economic values—costs, profits, taxes, interest, wages, rent—are rooted in consumption, and the burden of those values falls heaviest on the poorest who have least to consume. If consequently, there really is a class war, it consists, not in the so-called struggle of labor with capital over "surplus value," but in the struggle of the people as consumers with joint organizations of capital and labor into industries as producers. The meaning of the principle of the primacy of the consumer for the social economy of a free people is, then, inevitably, consumer organization and consumer control, and Mitchell brought the meaning out.

IN the United States, about the same time, Ira Steward, three years younger than Mitchell, arrived at this principle of the primacy of the consumer by a very different route. Steward was the inspirer and founder of the Eight Hour Leagues that agitated all over the United States for a shorter working day. By vocation a machinist, like Mitchell un-schooled and self-taught, a devoted trades-unionist, Steward found that the one sure justification for short hours and high wages lies in the fact that consumption and not production comes first. When men worked with their hands only, they often could not produce enough to consume. But now that they use machinery the case is altered. Machinery enables mass production and mass production is a blessing "provided the wealth more rapidly produced is *consumed* as fast as days' work is destroyed. But if this blessing is to continue to bless, wages must continue to rise. If wage stops rising, machinery stops blessing." The wages must rise to absorb the abundance of goods and services whose production they pay for.

First and last, then, man is a consumer. Upon this rock only can a free people build itself a strong and healthy economy. This is the lesson John Mitchell learned as he defended the organized consumers of England. This is the conclusion Ira Steward's reasoning led to as he championed the unorganized producers of the United States.

Then what does it mean, in a world such as ours—where a minority are privileged to live without working while the great multitudes seem destined to work without living—to regard each and every human being as first and last a consumer?

Essentially it means the universal freedom of men. It means that the laboring man is equal in dignity and worth with the man of leisure. It means such an organization of a nation's economy that every one of the

*—From "This Was New York."*

people will in some sort be enabled to work for himself and not for another, and will know that he is his own employee and not another's. Thus he will have power over his own support. A man whose power over his own support is in his own will is a free man. A man whose support is in the power of another's will is not a free man.

IN the long history of the human struggle for freedom, the plain people rarely had this power. They were not free men. In the classical civilization from which both the literary and the theological "humanists" of our own time drew their tradition, labor was not held to be worthy of free men. "The dignity of labor" would have been a contradictory phrase to Plato and Aristotle. In the society for which they spoke, as in every society until our own, the entirely free men were the gentlemen, the men of birth and station, and they were free because they could live their lives without earning their livings. They were free because they were at leisure, and were very busy in their leisure. But their business was not the business of the farmer, the artizan, and the mechanic earning his living. It was the business of the man who is free to perform all functions, public and private, whereby he could diversify and ennoble his life; free to live more abundantly. Their business was the business of the soldier and the ruler, of the sportsman, the connoisseur, the athlete, the orator and the philosopher. It consisted—Aristotle said it—in the enjoyment of leisure which is better than occupation and is the end, being the practice of the "liberal arts," the achievement of "pleasure, happiness, and the delight of living." By contrast, labor, useful or not, is painful, ignoble, inimical to the virtue proper to free men. By contrast labor is the activity appropriate to slaves; it is a means only, never an end, and its nature is, ever to serve leisure.

The laborer is a slave by nature, by nature incapable of freedom. The laborer is a tool with life in it, even as a tool is a lifeless slave. The laborer is to be trained in his useful function as an animal is trained or a tool is modeled, and no more. Contrariwise, the education of the free man should not equip him with the servile skills of the artizan, the farmer or the mechanic; it should equip him with the liberal and noble arts. It should teach him to benefit from what he earns in a social as well as an economic manner. These are arts of consumption, not of production; and the free man is consumer, not producer.

Religion confirmed philosophy in this judgment of the relative values of labor and leisure, of production and consumption. The pagan gods, being free, were at leisure, and their existence was an immortality of free activity with its "pleasure, happiness and delight in living." The men who imparted its characteristic shape to the Christian view of human nature and human destiny combined the judgments of classical thought with the implications of certain narratives of the Hebrew Scriptures regarding labor and leisure, consumption and production. It was not, they noted, the six work-days of the creation that the Creator blessed; it was the seventh, the Sabbath, that God blessed and sanctified, "because in it he rested from all his work which God created and made." And Heaven, consequently, is one eternal Sabbath. In the life of man again, it was not in the Garden of Eden that Adam ate his bread in sorrow and earned it in the sweat of his brow God had created Eden to be the happy habitation of the first man and the first woman. The economy of

(*Continued on page* 18)



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Opening New Doors to the East

*PEOPLE ON OUR SIDE. By Edgar Snow. New York: Random House. 1944. 324 pp, with index.* $3.50.

Reviewed by MARK GAYN

IN the great American journalistic tradition, the managing editor summons his ace police or sports reporter and says curtly: "Joe, you go to Europe to cover this war for us." Joe protests, but to no avail. The M. E. knows that anyone who could cover the complexities of baseball and City Hall politics, can certainly cope with war and intrigue abroad. Joe departs for the alien and turbulent world, flirts with peril and death, and paints for his readers a canvas of fury and bloodshed, of heroic G.I.'s and nonchalant generals, of spies and fifth columnists, of dust, ruin, and utter weariness.

Poor Joe. He will never know that though he had seen and faithfully reported, he had not understood. And neither he nor his M. E. will ever accept the blame for the vast popular ignorance of the world and the little men who people it.

There is another, a rarer breed of correspondents. They too are reporters. But they go beyond things seen and smelled, to social forces and economic hungers, to mores and national urges, to the ways and thoughts of little men. Their preoccupation is not only with *what* happens, but also with the *whys;* not only with today but also with tomorrow.

In Moscow one day in 1942, one of the better known members of the what-and-why corps set down some of the requirements for a correspondent covering Russia. These included the knowledge of: 1) Russian history, language, and culture; 2) history and culture of Eastern Europe; 3) some history, culture, and language of Eastern Asia; and 4) history and theory of Marxism and social revolution in both East and West.

The man's name was Edgar Snow, and he could pride himself on having most of these qualifications. His "People on Our Side," just out, is a deadly argument against Joe, for it is not only a clear, concise "police" report on India, China, and Russia at war, but also a keen analysis of men, events, and prospects.

* * *

In India in 1942, Snow watched the heavy hand of imperial officialdom on the throat of Indian nationalism. He talked to native princes, British generals, the viceroy himself. Nowhere did he find any convincing sign that Britain was planning soon to pull out of India. Nor did he detect any virile, far-sighted British leadership which could develop India's economy, train the Indians for effective partnership, or even cope with a famine.

On the native side, Snow found a legion of groups and leaders pulling in all directions. He condemns Gandhi (Said Nehru to Snow: "[Gandhi] has taught us the value of unity in political action . . . But I don't believe now

—*Frances O'Brien Garfield.*
**Edgar Snow**

that we will ever get power by nonviolent means").

Snow's verdict on India is cheerless: out of this war may emerge a new Indian leadership based on the working class, backed by the anti-British industrialists, tied up with revolutionary trends elsewhere in Asia, and unafraid to use the Indian army. Unless London has a heart, these new leaders will sooner or later turn to violence.

Snow thinks of little men, and he thinks in terms of social movements. In India the little man is being kept down, and his horoscope is written in blood.

* * *

In China a year later Snow again saw the little men oppressed by a tight oligarchy, intent on keeping democracy out of the people's reach.

Chiang Kai-shek himself, Snow notes in a review of the generalissimo's as yet untranslated "China's Destiny," believes in reviving feudal ideas and institutions and in perpetuating the Kuomintang in power. What can then be expected of the smaller Chungking fry, who must curry favor to eat?

Almost the only hopeful feature Snow finds in China is the progress of democracy in the so-called Red areas. The guerrillas in this territory, he reports, are our firmest allies in fighting Japan. Some day, he says, military necessity will compel us to demand that Chungking share its lend-lease bounty with these people's fighters.

* * *

But it is for Russia that Snow reserves his best—and most—pages. His praise is unstinted for the heroism and capacity for sacrifice of Russia's little men, for the sagacity of Russia's leaders, for the strength of the Soviet form of government.

Snow makes plain that he prefers America to any other land. But he argues that America will have to live with Russia in the post-war world, and the Americans better draw the proper lessons from Russia's victory. He says:

> Only the blind can now deny that the triumph of the Red Army is the triumph of Soviet socialism and, above all, Soviet planning. Had they failed, Russia would have failed. In the most critical battles . . . Communists were in the vanguard of organization and leadership. They died by the hundreds of thousands. Is it then to be supposed that after weathering this storm the Soviet regime could now be overthrown, or would voluntarily change its domestic or foreign policies?

The answer, of course, is no.

But Snow's mind is ever on the little man. As much as leadership, morale was responsible for Russia's victory. Wherever Snow went, he saw this stern will to win—in factories, where work continued under fire; on collective farms, now run mainly by women and children; in Moscow's unheated houses, where the bed offered the only warm refuge; at Stalingrad, where men won because they decided there could be no retreat.

Russia supplies Snow with rich opportunity for straight "police" reporting. He records that in the middle of a historic speech, Stalin stopped to drink water and to explain that he had had herring that morning. Trying to buy three pounds of beef he owed a Chinese embassy official, Snow runs into—and reports—black market operations (onions, U. S. $33 each; sugar, $40 a pound; bread, $5 a pound). And Snow's account of the marriage of a fellow-correspondent, Ronald Matthews (*Mr. Matzoos* to the Russians), is a reportorial classic.

* * *

Edgar Snow's is a good book. It is good because its emphasis is not on personal heroics but on people—on the millions of grey, nameless individuals who in the end win or lose wars and mold history. It is good because it is lucid, readable, and honest, and because it helps, as few recent books do, to understand the people on our side.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# A Soldier in the Army of the Sky

*PASTORAL. By Nevil Shute. New York: William Morrow & Co.* 1944. 246 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

LOVE is likely to be a disturbing business in the most placid circumstances, and in others it may be quite devastating, threatening disaster even to innocent bystanders. If, for example, the man in love happens to be the captain of a Wellington bomber crew, while the girl happens to be a WAAF signal officer on the station from which the man is flying, and if it further occurs that the girl, while liking the man enormously, takes a dim view of his matrimonial proposals, thereby transforming one of the best pilots of the Royal Air Force into an unpredictable bundle of nerves—why then it is obvious that tragedy may lurk just around the corner.

As clairvoyant readers of this review have possibly guessed already, it is much this sort of thing that happens in "Pastoral," Mr. Shute's latest, most charming, and perhaps most popular novel. Peter Marshall is the man and Gervase Robertson is the girl, and they are both so wonderfully and incredibly young, so unstained by an untidy world, even in the midst of that world's greatest untidiness, that they are sure to affect the middle-aged variously, warming the hearts of some, while sending a chill of imminent senility through the bones of others. Drawn together at first by a common liking for country pleasures, Peter plunges quickly into love, with marriage as the only conceivable goal, while Gervase stands firmly on the platform of friendship, insisting that there is a job to be done, that she joined the WAAF's to help do the job, and that, even if she loved Peter instead of liking him, she could not be a quitter. He pleads his case, but it is no go. Gently but firmly, in the language of the Air Force, she shoots him down.

So it is agreed that they are not to see each other. In view of the fact that they cannot help seeing each other a dozen times a day, on duty and off, this is a delightfully youthful and impracticable solution—in fact, no solution at all. Peter, with the visible presence of his beloved always near but beyond reach, quite naturally grows moody, and the crew of *R for Robert* begins to go to pieces under the nervous nagging of a lovesick captain. This crew, with some fifty missions over Germany and Italy to its credit, is one of the best two on the station, one of the best in the Air Force. Its members have been a happy family, united by a common interest in fishing, among other things, and protected by "the secret armor of a quiet mind." That is how Wing Commander Dobbie phrases it to his adjutant:

> The wing commander said, "Just tell her the truth. Tell her that Vickers don't put much armor on the Wimpeys because of the weight. Tell her that crews that come back safely are the crews without personal troubles, who sleep sound at nights and have fun in the daytime." He paused, considering his long experience. "The secret armor of a quiet mind," he said. "Tell her about that."

But the wing commander does not speak his piece until total tragedy has almost overtaken *R for Robert,* until Peter has made two bad mistakes in a single night: gone straight in over a target, instead of stooging about for a bit to study the flak and the lights, and then, after being hit, set the wrong course on his compass, although the right course has been given him by his harassed navigator, and nearly lost his aircraft over the North Sea. Then it is that the wingco has to find out what is wrong with *R for Robert,* and what can be done about it. He finds out, and decides what to do, but Gervase decides otherwise and takes over the situation before the adjutant, acting for his superior officers, even realizes that he has been out-maneuvered. Gervase has her way on the ground, and Marshall is a happy man again, and his crew is a happy crew, but she cannot have her way in the air: once *R for Robert* is airborne, she can hear much that is happening, but she can do little about it. And over Hamburg, one night, things happen with sickening speed and fury.

> In that instant the pilot saw a dreadful sight. A great part of his port wing was wrecked, and locked with it was what had been a single-engined fighter, Me. 109. It was on fire on his wing tip; fire was spurting up from the torn engine cowl and glowing in the cockpit. The pilot, a young man with a fat face, had both hands up above his head struggling to undo the sliding cockpit cover, which seemed to have jammed. His starboard wing was tight locked with their own port wing, and they were falling, locked together, in a violent sideslip turning to a dive. Already fire was streaming up the ruins of the wing from the wrecked fighter.

As to how Peter Marshall gets himself out of that one, I shall leave Mr. Shute to tell you; but you may be sure that he does it by sound, credible flying and not by virtue of melodramatic license. He does it, too, with the aid of aircraft construction that would have been thought impossible a few years ago. The machines of this war are worthy of the men that use them.

In "Pastoral," Mr. Shute has written a charming love story, and a most exciting flying story. The competition in the field of war-flying literature grows constantly keener, but Nevil Shute is still in the very front rank, thanks to his knowledge, his sympathetic imagination, and his way with words. I have read nothing of the kind more effective and affecting than the pages that describe Peter's final efforts to put down his crippled plane, with a wounded gunner in the tail, and a wireless than can send but not receive, while a whole station waits breathless beneath him. Here, in fiction, you have the kind of moment that many a man remembers and is going to remember, as fact, until he has stopped remembering anything. Judged by some tests, this is a lightweight book, but its metal is all sound, and like *R for Robert* it takes you there and brings you back again, doing precisely what it set out to do.

**Blasting German freight yards in Belgium.**

**SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 545)**

TOPICS OF THE TIMES: *CEILINGS*

(N. Y. TIMES, JULY 15, 1944)

By contrast* it is a pleasure—if you are an OPA official—to think of the New York subway, which loves to go on selling an eight-cent ride for the old five cents. What people seemingly need there is not a price ceiling but a floor.

*To raised Coney Island prices for soda and hot dogs.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# The Legend of Captain Sylvester

*SHIP TO SHORE. By William McFee. New York: Random House.* 1944. 408 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by
ARTHUR D. HOWDEN SMITH

"Says you?" she whispered, and laid her head on his shoulder. "Do you have to go right away, down to the ship?"

"Call them," he said. "Give them a ring. We have a ship-to-shore telephone."

"Ship-to-shore! Ship-to-shore! That's our life, I guess."

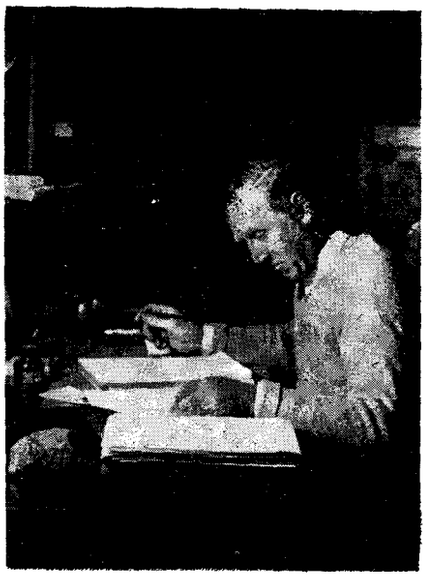
"It is. Call them and find out when she moves."

THIS conversation is a summary of what life had always been for Captain Gregory Sylvester, and what life became for Rosita Ross after she joined her fortunes to his. But. Mr. McFee has done much more than merely tell the love story of Greg and Rosita, poignant as it is. His book is crammed with characters, most of whom come vividly alive, and it is set against the unusual background of the glamorous, yet futile, routine of a luxury cruise-ship, the *Brigantes* of the Celtic Line, nominally sailing out of Liverpool, but actually based on New York. Captain Sylvester had spent a month's time, off and on, in fourteen years, with his wife, Grace, who lived in Liscard across the Mersey from Liverpool, and preferred to tend the wants of her widowed mother and harry the rents out of their block of villas on Sea View Terrace. Grace was a product of a family dedicated to the sea, but like so many sailors' women she knew nothing of their mistress. She was feverishly content with the petty world of Liscard. Even the bustle of Liverpool and Birkenhead was disturbing to her. She was quite content to write Greg occasional dull letters, signed "your loving wife" and inquiring pettishly when he expected to come home. She didn't realize what was impending over her when he refused a chance to enter the home office of the line. She is a triumph for Mr. McFee in selfish introversion.

Captain Sylvester, on the contrary, is a ship master in the great tradition of the sea, such a character as Conrad might have created. He had become a legend before he was middle-aged. Handsome, distinguished, competent, it was his fate, as Commodore of the Line, to be given command of the 18,000 ton *Brigantes,* equipped with every luxury to divert passengers' whims. Aboard the *Brigantes* he was a sovereign in miniature, dwelling aloof in his lofty quarters, circumscribed from intimacy with women by the traditions which had shaped his personality as much as by his natural continence. Passengers bored him. He left most of the details of managing their comfort and settling their quarrels to Major Despard, his cruise director, whose lecherous disposition was a source of quiet amusement to him. Typically, it was Despard's attempted seduction of Rosita—a "complimentary" passenger—which brought her to his attention and changed the whole course of his orderly existence.

Rosita's background was as different from his as could be imagined. She was a third generation Russian Jewess from the Bronx, a trim, neat telephone operator, almost illiterate, yet gifted with a simply shrewd mind and a direct honesty which threw him off balance the first time he looked into her warm blue eyes behind the nose-glasses which somehow added to the charm of her personality. It was impossible for him to secure a divorce from Grace, and in any case Rosita didn't want him to. She was content to give herself to him, to know that she could mellow the loneliness of his life during the occasional weeks he had ashore in New York. And she was proud to bear him two children. Their life together was ideal. Rosita, who had less of the tradition of the sea than Grace, was a true sailor's wife—or mistress, if you will.

But as Brandon Pigott, the magazine editor, their friend, had seen from the start, a liaison so ideal was doomed, doomed by the very honesty of purpose which animated it, no less than by the professional ideals which had driven Captain Sylvester to greatness. The world cruises of the *Brigantes* kept him too much separated from Rosita and the children. Finally he resigned from the Celtic Line, and took a similar berth as master of the ancient liner *Lexington,* which plied out of New York under the Haitian flag. The Cos Line was one of those shipping monstrosities, operating in tacit defiance of the maritime laws, which flourished in this country during the Boom Years and immediately afterward. Tragedy was implicit in this situation. It came. The novel concludes in a swirl of action with a fire at sea off the Jersey coast.



**William McFee**

"Ship To Shore" is an unusual sea-story, which has the merit of never divorcing the reader from awareness of the influence of the forces, human and social, which govern life ashore. It is written with the solid artistry Mr. McFee has shown so often before, never too technical, always faithful to the basic instincts of the group of men and women involved. Perhaps the most distinctive character is Grace Sylvester, whose narrow provincialism is lined with a never-failing pity. Hers was the greater tragedy, not Greg's or Rosita's.

# In the Still Hour

**By John Farrar**

IN the still hour when life and death collide,
When dawn is near, then heart and lung delay
The battle; then fear and helplessness betray
The strong, who through the fevered day deride
Weakness and pain. Then courage turns aside,
And on their sweated cots men know dismay.
Hands grope and tremble, as dark shifts to gray,
And fighting men who fail to fight have died.

But in this perilous hour, beside each bed,
Loved visions rise to plead and council strength,
Impelling strength as they embrace the brave.
They warm the terrible icy edge of dread,
They nurture the mind and body, and at length,
By-pass the terror and outflank the grave.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# The World of the Pacific

*ASIA'S LANDS AND PEOPLES. By George B. Cressey. New York: McGraw Hill.* 1944. 608 *pp.* $6.

Reviewed by FAIRFIELD OSBORN

THIS book is a compendium of information concerning one-third of the earth and two-thirds of the earth's inhabitants. It opens with an over-view of the Pacific basin and the Asiatic continent and then deals in detail with China; Japan; the Soviet Union; southwestern Asia, including Turkey, Syria, Palestine, and Arabia; India; and finally, southeastern Asia, including the Netherlands Indies and the Philippine Islands. The immensity of this subject matter is approached from a geographic, more specifically from a geologic viewpoint. In other words, the reader is first asked to look with some intentness at the earth itself. This method of introduction to the peoples of the vast areas involved is a logical one because, after all, the physical elements of any country, with its climatic conditions, form the basis of the human story. Dr. Cressey expresses this in his own way when he writes:

> The function of geography is to give character and meaning to the face of the earth and to differentiate the personality of one region from that of another. This is the geographic landscape, the totality of land and water and air and people in their mutual interrelations. In pioneer lands, where man comes as an exotic intruder, these correlations are imperfectly developed; in mature lands, such as China, the organic unity of man and the earth is markedly obvious.

The avowed purpose of the book is not only to inform the American reader of the peoples and countries which lie between the Pacific and the Mediterranean, but also to assist in the development of a point of view as regards our future policy towards that portion of the world. Dr. Cressey refers to this as "geostrategy," and points out that, while the practical aspects of political geography are frequently known as "geopolitics," the latter term is not too happy. Consequently, it is better, in his opinion, to use the word "geostrategy" for the dynamic aspects of applied international geography. He goes on to say that "the function of geostrategy is to understand a nation's problems and potential and to suggest a program of internal development and international coöperation that will be of mutual value. And if wars are to recur, it may indicate the wisest course of action in emergency. This is nothing more than applied geography."

The author's ideas as to our future national policy in the Far Pacific and in Asia are open to debate. Every individual who reads this book will need to reach his own decisions. At the very least, this book stimulates one to a fresh consideration of the problems involved. No exception can be taken to one of Dr. Cressey's conclusions, namely, that geographical ignorance is immeasurably expensive and that, although an understanding of geostrategy is not in itself a solution for international problems, without such an understanding no peace can prevail.

It is not possible to give too much credit for the extraordinary amount of information that is here presented. The book is a mine of information. Dr. Cressey should not apologize that too many of the pages are filled with encyclopedic facts. Under the circumstances the subject matter could not be differently handled. There is a wealth of excellently prepared maps and diagramatical material, and numerous photographs.

One does not need to be personally acquainted with the author to size him up as a man of courage and of thoroughness. Who but an intrepid person would prepare a book of such magnitude? And who but a most painstaking one would proceed with an undertaking so infinitely demanding and exacting in its detail? Further, Dr. Cressey has been fortunate in so far as timing is concerned. The book is a result of study involving nearly 100,000 miles of travel in Asia, spread over two decades. These personal experiences, together with the period needed for the preparation of this elaborate and important volume, bring it to the reader when it is needed more than at any time in our national history.

*Fairfield Osborn is president of the New York Zoölogical Society.*

---

# *Your Literary I. Q.*

**By Howard Collins**

WHO PERFORMED THESE ACTIONS?

In each of the brief passages quoted below a character performs a distinctive and identifiable action. How many of them do you recognize? Allowing 7 points for each correct answer, a score of 56 is par, 70 is very good, and 84 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 22.

1. With spiders I had friendship made
   And watch'd them in their sullen trade.
2. With sobs and tears he sorted out those of the largest size,
   Holding his pocket-handkerchief before his streaming eyes.
3. I bit my arm, I suck'd the blood,
   And cried, A sail! a sail!
4. I cleaned the windows and I swept the floor
   And I polished up the handle of the big front door.
5. The village all declared how much he knew,
   'Twas certain he could write, and cipher too.
6. He smiled as he sat by the table
   With a smile that was childlike and bland.
7. A cannon ball took off his legs,
   So he laid down his arms.
8. Into her dream he melted, as the rose
   Blendeth its odor with the violet.
9. And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand,
   They danced by the light of the moon.
10. Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed
    That saved she might be.
11. With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves
    And hears the unexpressive nuptial song.
12. Then flashed the living lightning from her eyes,
    And screams of horror rend the affrighted skies.
13. He stay'd not for brake, and he stopp'd not for stone,
    He swam the Eske river, where ford there was none.
14. She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up
    And fill'd for him her small tin cup.
15. Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
    And sings a melancholy strain.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Idealist of the New Deal

**Mr. Wallace entertains the Chinese Ambassador in Washington.**

*DEMOCRACY REBORN. By Henry A. Wallace. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock.* 1944. 280 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by MARQUIS W. CHILDS

WHEN Henry Wallace stood before the Democratic convention in Chicago to second the nomination of his friend and chief, Franklin D. Roosevelt, he was at a turning point in his career. Few who saw him there will forget the drama of that brief speech; the shy, inward-turning man suddenly eloquent, his passionate sincerity blazing forth.

If he had been a calculating politician, he might have chosen that moment to try a compromise. Doubtless, in any event, it would have been too late, since the bosses and the conservative South, with the President's acquiescence, had decided to drop the idealist of the New Deal. But for a man with a less rigorous conscience the temptation would have been there. Instead Wallace chose that moment to reiterate the principles he has stood for throughout his career. In a brief space he compressed much of the essence of this book. Even those who were opposed to everything he stood for were impressed by the forthrightness of his performance. It was something rare in American political life.

Wallace's philosophy, as this book covering a decade of his speeches and articles shows, has grown with the times. When he first came to Washington as Secretary of Agriculture, his interest was primarily in the soil and in soil conservation. It has broadened to take in human beings everywhere and the opportunities for a fuller life that our modern world seems to offer. Above all he has shown a capacity to learn to grow. Latin-America, China, India, the economic and social potentialities of an industrialized Siberia, these have all been made part of his knowledge and understanding.

There is nothing complicated about Wallace's philosophy, nothing arbitrary or doctrinaire. He is for the full employment of America's great productive machine; within the free enterprise system if it can be achieved that way, by modifying that system if it cannot. The attempt to make Wallace seem radical and alien seems foolish in the light of the simple forthrightness of most of his beliefs.

It is not the philosophy but the man who remains something of an enigma. I have known Wallace during most of the time he has been in Washington and yet I must confess I do not entirely understand him. It may be the deep religious strain, bordering on the mystic, which sets him so apart from the familiar pattern of political Washington. What other figure out of our recent public life could give a talk to a big crowd at an exposition under the title, "Joseph, Confucius and the Farm Board?"

One of his chief handicaps has been his incapacity to cope with ordinary mortals. Shortly before he left on his trip to Siberia and China in the spring, Wallace received a call from Democratic National Chairman Robert E. Hannegan. To Hannegan, a hardboiled professional politician, Wallace appeared a shy and diffident recluse. The two men looked at each other across a vast gulf. Prejudiced to begin with, Hannegan came away from that meeting convinced that Wallace should not be renominated.

To the ordinary man Wallace appears as an intellectual, a philosopher, a scholar, and even a mystic. Even in his personal relationships he often seems preoccupied and brooding, beyond the reach of common emotions. Yet he is capable of the kind of political courage that he demonstrated at Chicago. During that whole ordeal he maintained just the proper balance between the office-seeker and the political leader who refuses to compromise his principles. He emerged with greater stature even though renomination was denied him.

If he can strike that balance during the present campaign and beyond, then he may indeed have a political future of greater opportunity than he has had thus far. His friends are talking of him as the leader of a liberalized Democratic party in 1948 or, perhaps, of a brand new liberal party. If that is to happen then Wallace, the thinker, and Wallace, the man, must meet. Perhaps out of the Chicago repudiation may come a new Wallace, one who can meet the politicians on their own ground without sacrificing any of the things that have made him great.

---

# Writers' Song

**By Theodore Spencer**

THE hardest fight man has
Is fighting for the Word.
Falsification of *was*
Through haze of future dream
Surrounds exacting *is*
With smoky *seem*
Till shining fact is blurred
To what it's not.

O Lady Honesty,
In that small spot
Where truth dances,
To you we'd married be
As once was Poverty
Married to Francis.
Teach us never to take
Soft wish for deed;
See that our minds bleed
For your stern sake:
O keep us awake!



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# *Strictly Personal...*

## IS THERE A PUBLISHER IN THE HOUSE?

RECENTLY I have had a terrifying experience; one that comes back to me at odd hours to disturb whatever I am doing, and one that sometimes keeps me awake at night. It has a strange dream-like quality—you know those cold and dreadful dreams where someone you love is standing on the edge of mortal danger, on the edge of a precipice, and there is nothing you can do.

You call out, and the wind blows your words away. And the person you love, hearing your voice but not the warning, looks back for a moment, and smiles foolishly, and all the while the earth underfoot is making ready for precipitous death.

Succinctly, the experience was this.

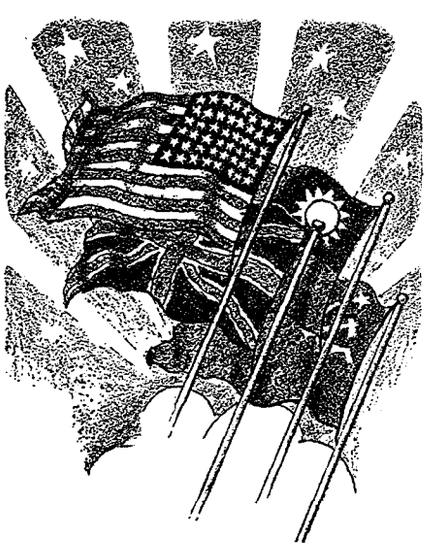
Four months ago, out of the blue, at the beginning of May I received a summons to come to New York. A group of as wise and far-sighted Americans as I know, wanted me to do the captions and running comment for a proposed book of cartoons by a famous Polish cartoonist, now living in the United States and about to become an American citizen. This group of far-sighted and, I am glad to say, powerful Americans had but one motive, their belief that too many Americans, protected as we still are by distance and provincialism, assailed as we still are by ignorant or vicious counsel, were not as yet sufficiently aware of the danger so narrowly avoided and above all, of its nature; the origin, the real design, of the creeping horror that twice within thirty years has threatened the world.

Twice within thirty years! More than forty times without due cause, or almost twice every century since 100 B.C., when they first came out of their northern forests, horns on their heads to frighten their enemies, the Germans have attacked Europe. Of late, they have been attacking the whole world.

Now, the significance of this, the real face of the horror, what is back of it, and what it has done to the world, and what it will continue to do unless finally checked, is at long last, and after many centuries, known to all nations engaged in fighting it except ourselves. You do not have to tell the Poles, the Russians, the Greeks, the Norwegians, the English, the French; they know by dreadful, intimate contact. But we Americans are still somewhat aloof, even too many of our fighting men. We do not know what it is to have our wives and daughters raped, we do not know what it is to have our houses burned and our neighbors shot. We do not know starvation and hopeless disease, and concentration camps, and the cold despair of unreturnable insult. We do not know robot bombs. We do not know what it is to have our cities and countryside occupied by strangers, brutal and deadly. There are a great many things we do not actually know. And we are lucky.

And yet in a way we are not lucky, for unless we can visualize these things, unless we get into the habit of using every ounce of our brains and our hearts, of our imaginations, we'll lose this peace the way we lost the last one, and in twenty years our grandsons will be at war, as our sons now are, and as we were two decades ago. We, too, must know the face of this horror. We, too, must know what is back of it. We, too, must recognize facts. And where Americans are concerned, the last is not too easy for by nature we are a kindly people, and what is more, we have been for so long so exceptionally fortunate, that a great many of us have come to disbelieve in evil.

We believe in reason. In discussion. In amiable scepticism? Strange, isn't it, for a nation brought up on stories of rattlesnakes and of enemies who gave no quarter? But the United States is still so filled with little framed mottoes which begin, "There's so much bad in the best of us, and so much good in the worst of us . . ." that a number of otherwise intelligent citizens continue to believe, despite the last four years, despite the testimony of history, that if you could only get



Hitler, and Goering, and the Junkers, and the German generals, and especially the German people, to a Kiwanis Club luncheon and sit them down afterwards in a corner with a good cigar, all would be well. Meanwhile, New England especially, but the entire country also, unfortunately, is filled with spinsters, gentle and over-educated, obstinately convinced that all you need do to handle the Germans, is tactfully to set out saucers of milk and turn your back.

It is comparatively easy to be unimpassioned if one's nearest approach to death is the radio.

The group of Americans I have mentioned was aware of something else, too. Its members had heard the wise and ancient Chinese saying that "one picture is worth a thousand words." In the last war there had been the cartoons of Raemaker, the great Belgian, and the cartoons of Bruce Bairnsfather, and it had been generally agreed that they had been worth at least fifteen divisions. But a few words were necessary, and so I was asked to do them. I was asked to do them because, before the last war, I had gone to a German university, and because, ever since, German "kultur" had troubled and alarmed me, and because I had already written a good deal on the subject, and had concerning it a definite point of view; a point of view borne out by everything that had happened and the opinions of scores of experts, including numerous German liberals. The greatest living German historian, Professor Foerster, for instance.

Like our Allies, I did not have to be indoctrinated. So would I come to New York? Would I meet the cartoonist? Would I do the book?

Certainly.

But it couldn't have been for me a more unpropitious time. I was just finishing another book on which I had been working for a couple of years, and I was working eight hours or so a day to meet a deadline. I had two weeks to go. However, these are not ordinary times. Millions of men and women are doing double tasks. So I went to New York, and met the cartoonist, and at once felt as one with him, and between us we selected forty of his cartoons, and I took photostats of these back with me to North Carolina. All I had to do was to work ten or twelve hours a day instead of eight.

By the third week of May I had finished the first book, by the middle of June, the second.

Then, I was tired.

The actual time required for the second book was not so great. A book of this kind is not like a novel or a



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

formal history. There were the captions and three hundred words or so to face each cartoon, but the selection, the concentration—the bitter condensation—were enormous. I had to take the Germans from the beginning and bring them down to today; first, the barbaric tribes, then the Teutonic Knights, then the Courts of the Fehme; the Thirty Years War, Frederick the Great, the Junkers, Bismarck, the Nazis, the late Emperor—two thousand years squeezed into fifteen thousand or so words. But it was a moving task, and it had its compensations. Whenever I closed my eyes I could see countless millions of dead, killed unnecessarily, and their hands and faces were like endless wheat, white at dusk. And some of the faces I recognized. They were those of dear dead friends, or dear dead relatives.

And the cartoonist had moved me greatly, too; and his wife.

He had had an interesting history. Born in Warsaw, as a young man he had fought in the Polish army, and then he had become a famous miniaturist. His cartoons show the latter fact; the detail, the precise, jewel-like quality. When the Germans struck at his native country, he had been living in England for a number of years, and before he could take a breath, all his immediate family in Warsaw had been wiped out—murdered—including his aged mother, and all his wife's immediate family—eight—had been wiped out, except one brother serving with the Russian army. With that, the miniaturist became a cartoonist, dedicated to fighting the horror that was threatening the world. And because he had dedicated himself, he came to America, as it seemed to him that America was the strongest fortress of democracy extant. People who are really dedicated do not as a rule talk much about it. People who have tasted the dregs of wretchedness and horror are as a rule silent. It is the unscathed who argue. The cartoonist is a small, round, smiling, eager man, very gentle. His only son is with De Gaulle.

I would come out of the studio after hours of consultation, or talk, and the soft May city, great and preoccupied, was a contrast; a city, incidentally, that on the whole is more remote from the war than any place in the United States. For awhile everything would seem unreal and grotesque, leaving as I had the quietness of knowledge and conviction that follows fact and tragedy, and stepping again into the articulateness of the as yet untouched. People could still discuss aloofly, or angrily, the pros and cons of murder. And all the while I would think of the cartoonist, and his wife, and the millions and millions in Europe who know now what murder is. Gentle people like the cartoonist; good people; people who had done no harm. For the cartoonist and his wife are only two amongst a multitude. And I kept thinking about the creeping horror, too, and how unless we learned to face it, and analyze it, and realize it, and hate it for what it is, with the bitter and unbending contempt it deserves, sooner or later it would catch up with us again.

I thought then, and I think now, that if you cannot hate evil, you cannot love good. And it seemed to me then, and it seems to me now, that unless you are capable of passion you are capable of nothing. And I know, and so does everyone else, that this country, this United States of America, was built upon a passion for freedom and justice, and a hatred of tyranny and cruelty, and that otherwise, it would never have been built at all. I do not mean that good things are built upon a hatred of individuals as such. I admit all men and women are human. But I claim that men and women are often instruments of evil, and that if you do not hate the evil back of them, then it will conquer you and the good will die.

Well, at all events, that is the way I felt, and I went back to North Carolina, and finished the book. Then I sent it to my agents in New York, and they felt as I did, and other people who saw the book, felt the same way, too. After that, it went to the publishers, and to date nine of the greatest publishing houses in the United States have turned it down.

The reasons given have been various, but always there has been this central, one, the deciding factor; the book is too bitter, too grim, both the text and the cartoons. It might offend people. Americans don't like bitterness. Don't they? I know Americans pretty well, and from one end of the country to the other, but on the whole they are simple folk whose reactions are still simple. Anyway, the book is too bitter. Too grim. And that in 1944. And to date that is the opinion of nine great publishing houses.

Do you think that is a terrifying story? I do. STRUTHERS BURT.

# Ideas That Shaped a Continent

*A CENTURY OF LATIN AMERICAN THOUGHT. By William Rex Crawford. Cambridge: Harvard University Press.* 1944. 320 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by HUBERT HERRING

WE have done much talking about the Latin Americans. We have written books about them, written books for them, tried to persuade them that we are head over heels in love with them. They remain skeptical. They know full well that we have never yet really shown much interest in what they think. Specifically, the generality of American readers have not yet shown more than passing curiosity about Bolivar, San Martin, O'Higgins, Miranda, Hidalgo; and have not begun to take any interest whatsoever in the sober thinkers who commend the respectful attention of thoughtful Latin Americans. Such great Argentine names as Alberdi, Sarmiento, Ingenieros, and Rojas, are unknown to all save a few students; such Peruvians as Gonzalez Prada and Mariátegui are not read in the United States; such Brazilian thinkers as Da Cunha and Manoel Bomfim and Gilberto Freyre are unfamiliar.

It is therefore that we turn to Rex Crawford's new book with warm gratitude. He does not presume to sell the South Americans what we think about them—they can discover that quickly enough by consulting a long string of good, bad, and awful books turned out by denizens of the North. No, he gives us generous opportunity to know what some of the ablest writers of Latin America, covering a full century, have to say about life and destiny.

The book is finely done. Here we are given able introduction to the idealism and fervor of a Rodó, an Alberdi, a Martí; to the sociological and psychological analyses of Ingenieros, Freyre, and many another. Many names might be added—some perhaps might be subtracted. But the book is an exciting and useful introduction to an area of inter-American interest largely unoccupied. It serves to remind us that a sound Pan Americanism can never be until Americans of all breeds treat each other's opinions with respect.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review
of Literature
BOARD OF EDITORS
Norman Cousins, *Editor*
Henry Seidel Canby } *Associate*
Amy Loveman } *Editors*
William Rose Benét } *Contributing*
Bennett Cerf } *Editors*
Harrison Smith
*President*
*Published by The Saturday Review Associates, Inc.*
*Copyright, 1944*

## BANDWAGON SOCIETY

London, Aug. 31 (AP)—Author P. G. Wodehouse, who broadcasted over the German radio, was quoted in a dispatch from Paris today as having said that he believed he had made a "terrible mistake," but meant no harm.

*—From a news item in The New York Times, Sept. 1, 1944.*

* * *

*The following editorial on P. G. Wodehouse is reprinted from the July 5, 1941, issue of* The Saturday Review, *shortly following the announcement that Mr. Wodehouse would broadcast over the Nazi radio, and four days before Foreign Minister Anthony Eden criticized Wodehouse on the floor of Parliament for "lending his services to the German propaganda machine." The author of the editorial was then Contributing Editor of* SRL.

* * *

MR. P. G. WODEHOUSE does not appear to be politically minded. In his published works no attitude to any contemporary issues can be discerned, except for an occasional trace of something that could as well be anti-Hollywoodism as anti-Semitism. His books, of course, are hardly the place for political matter, and those who know him personally may be familiar with a political consciousness of which the general public is unaware. But it seems doubtful. To let oneself be captured by German tanks at a cocktail party indicates an unawareness of what is going on that is worthy of the Earl of Emsworth.

Nevertheless, Mr. Wodehouse, no doubt in all innocence, has suddenly become a political figure. Released after a year from the Silesian internment camp where he seems to have been very comfortable, thanks to the Red Cross packages sent by his wife, he turns up at the Adlon Hotel in Berlin as the guest of the German government, having been allowed the free run of the country. The Nazis do not do this sort of thing out of sheer bigheartedness. Wodehouse will make weekly broadcasts to the United States "by arrangement with the German Foreign Office," and already he has begun to sing for his supper. He says that he is to discuss only personal experiences, not politics; and his first broadcast was innocuous enough, on the surface. Nothing in it could attract attention except his remark that "I wonder if the kind of people and the kind of England I write about will live after the war, whether England wins or not."

Well, of course they won't; for the simple reason that they died in the last war. The England of Wodehouse's novels is Edwardian England, the England in which he was young; and it is perhaps the supreme achievement of his craftsmanship that he has been able to give it a sufficient illusion of contemporaneousness. But that remark of his, which could have seemed the merest commonplace to Wodehouse, means something else in Berlin; and may mean something else to people who hear it on the air from Berlin. Win or lose, the old England is passing away—the England that was so comfortable for the people who could afford to live in Blandings Castle (now soon to be sold for taxes if they can find a purchaser) or in flats at the Albany; what is the use of fighting for it if it is lost anyway? Or if there is perhaps still some small hope of saving it, provided the war does not last too long, why not see if Hitler wouldn't negotiate a peace that would save the stately homes of England, at whatever cost, to such foreigners as Poles and Czechs and Dutchmen? So some few people may reason; and the skilled psychologists of the German Propaganda Ministry know it even if Wodehouse does not. The appeal may be limited, the results may be small; but every little bit helps and it is worth trying, for the modest investment of one man's room and board at the Adlon.

No doubt Wodehouse was glad to get out of his internment camp, relatively easy though his life appears to have been. No doubt every one of the twelve hundred Englishmen who were locked up with him would have been glad to get out too, but if any of them was released we have not heard of it. Presumably none of them has the value, particularly for broadcasts to the United States, that inheres in a best-selling novelist. Concentration camps are not so comfortable as internment camps; a good many people never leave them alive, and those who do are apt to come out in no physical condition to do any broadcasting, no matter how much the German Foreign Office might want them to. Nevertheless there have been men in concentration camps—Germans, as well as Czechs and Poles, and probably Dutchmen and Norwegians too—who could have bought their way out, but who preferred to let themselves be beaten to death, slowly and excruciatingly, rather than do anything to help the enemies of their country and of human liberty. To some, such stubborness may be incomprehensible.

Mr. Wodehouse also gave an interview to the United Press, which quoted him as saying that "I have never been able to work up a belligerent feeling." In this, he follows plentiful precedent. Twenty-two years ago the Nazis were only a small and obscure group in Bavaria; they became the masters, successively, of Germany and of Europe because not enough people were able to work up a belligerent feeling in time; they may go farther still, thanks to the amiable if chuckle-headed persons who don't see why anybody (except the Nazis, of course) should work up a belligerent feeling. Doubtless it would have been unwise for Wodehouse to profess too much belligerency, and he may have been merely answering a reporter's question; but there is no law against a man's keeping his mouth shut. Yet he went on to say, "Just as I am about to feel belligerent about some country, I meet some nice fellow from it and lose all my belligerency."

If the Nazis have any gratitude, that remark is worth room and board at the Adlon for life. What nice fellows they are, after all! What a happy world this would be if everybody else would only stop feeling belligerent, and exhausting Hitler's patience, and plotting aggression against peaceful Germany! And if Wodehouse didn't know that that was the implication of his remarks (an implication that would have been obvious even to Bertie Wooster) the men who let him out of the internment camp knew it. Meanwhile, he has put his fellow-countrymen to shame; for it must be confessed that there are men, and women, in England who feel belligerent. Men and women who have seen their children trapped in their blazing homes, thanks to the bombs dropped by these nice fellows: who have spent days or weeks at sea in open lifeboats, with the people who die of exposure tossed over board to the sharks; who think that the old England held certain values besides the life typified by Blandings Castle, and know that those values would not survive defeat. But maybe they would all change their minds if they met such nice Germans as those who accidentally happen to encounter a world-renowned novelist.

Elmer Davis.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

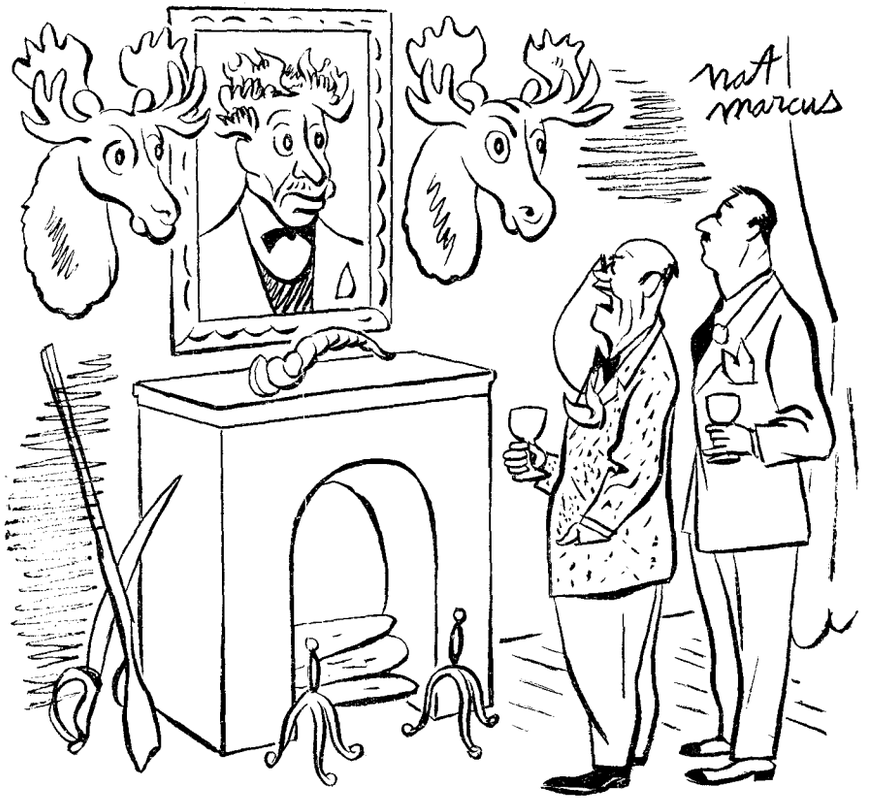
## The Author Takes Issue

SIR: I should like to reply briefly but publicly to a review published in the *Saturday Review of Literature*, July 8, 1944. This review is the handiwork of Robert E. Spiller and deals with a book called "Hawthorne: Critic of Society." Now I am familiar with this little book, having written it myself. I am reasonably familiar, also, with its limitations and shortcomings. Nor should I, in all honesty, be reluctant to see it properly chastised for these. But proper chastisement—unless I have been in the Navy so long that I have forgotten the principles of sound criticism—has several prerequisites. Two of the indispensable requirements are accurate information about the subject, and logical argument. And I think I can indicate in a very few words where the reviewer's misguided judgment is deficient in both of these.

My present duty does not allow me access even to an edition of Hawthorne's works, not to mention the scholarly paraphernalia which in other times could be trotted out as proof. But in the case of the review in question there is little need of these. For as it stands it is readily disqualified as a literary judgment by one or two of the more commonly known facts of Hawthorne's career, and by one or two of the more elementary rules of logic.

The reviewer's major premise—in fact his only premise—is that the book he reviews "is forced to disregard chronology" in order to make its point that Hawthorne's social philosophy was an integral part of his literary achievement. "Hawthorne's greatest fiction," he says, "was written before he developed his social philosophy...." Now the only thing which prevents this from being a very shrewd observation is the fact that it is absolutely false. Nothing in Hawthorne's life or works supports the contention that he developed no social philosophy until his late forties, and then miraculously acquired almost over night a social consciousness which even Brook Farm Socialism had failed to awaken in him ten years earlier.

Hawthorne did not all at once adopt a social creed in middle-age, as you would adopt a stray cat. Like most men, he *developed* one over a period of years, though, unlike most men, he kept on developing—even in middle-age. In fact, his tales and sketches, the bulk of which were written *before* the three famous romances—"The Scarlet Letter," "The House of the Seven Gables," and "The Blithedale Romance," are literally saturated with a social criticism at times so obvious and bald that anyone might wonder how the reviewer was able to overlook it so successfully. For a simple and easy check on this he has only to look up the dates and themes of the "Mosses from an Old Manse," that collection of short pieces which Melville called—in print for anyone to read—the truest expression of democratic society ever to come from an American author.




**"Uncle Charles was really at home among the fauna."**

There are other instances—I mention only one or two—of the reviewer's misinformation. "Hawthorne," he says, "began life as a recluse." Biology and biography, on the other hand, show rather authentically that he *began life* about as most normal persons do. Perhaps the reviewer means that he began life shortly after being graduated from Bowdoin College—at which time he went into retirement in Salem for a decade. After that, according to the reviewer, he tried to come to grips with the world, "but his frame was too weak," a fact which influenced his entire literary output. Now Hawthorne's weak frame and poor health are a pure figment of the reviewer's imagination. He was, until three years before his death, physically very powerful, which is no doubt one of the reasons why they put him to shoveling manure at Brook Farm. He even bragged in his letters of his robust and athletic constitution, so that it seems altogether probable that the reviewer has confused him with Mrs. Hawthorne, who, it is true, was frail and sickly throughout her life. As to his "esthetic stamina," whatever that may be, he may have had none; though if he did lack it, one wonders how the reviewer knows, when he appears ignorant of more tangible matters.

Concerning esthetics, over which the review cavils vaguely, I wish to say nothing here. They are always legitimately disputable provided the disputants have sufficient information on the subject at hand to know what they are talking about. Unfortunately, about chronology there can be no dispute. It exists outside the minds of biographers and beyond the alchemy of reviewers.

All of this goes to show how fallacious it is to conclude, in a flippant review of two columns, that a book which represents four years of intensive research can come out with "*all* the wrong answers." Quite distinctly, this would be a feat. The laws of chance, or of permutation and combination, mitigate against one book having so exclusive a monopoly on error.

The great danger in an ill-considered review of this sort lies in the fact that it tends to discredit the intellectual integrity not merely of literary reviewing in general but of the *Saturday Review of Literature* in particular. For this reason, it seems to me, the *Saturday Review* will be as interested as I am in openly remedying a piece of critical incompetency which does damage to us both.

LAWRENCE S. HALL,
Lieutenant (j. g.) USNR.
Miami, Florida.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# TRADE Winds

**LATEST AVAILABLE** sales totals for Bob Hope's "I Never Left Home" are 65,000 for the $2.00 edition, and just over 600,000 for the paper-bound dollar edition. Hope, of course, is the most popular comedian in America today, his reputation for spontaneous and perfectly-timed wise-cracks being buttressed and reinforced by his indefatigable and unfailing efforts to entertain the troops in every corner of the world. Over and above his thoroughly deserved popularity, however, the brilliant advertising campaign written and executed by Jack Goodman, of the Simon and Schuster inner circle, must be credited for the overwhelming success of "I Never Left Home."

Hope's book, after all, is a collection of gags, many of them already familiar through honorable service on radio programs and at countless army bases and hospitals. Funny as many of them are, they scarcely constitute a book that would soar unaided to the top of the non-fiction best-seller lists. Hope dashed off the script between U. S.O. tours and other stints; Goodman even jotted down some of the funniest lines on a score-card as he doggedly trailed the tireless comedian around a Hollywood golf links.

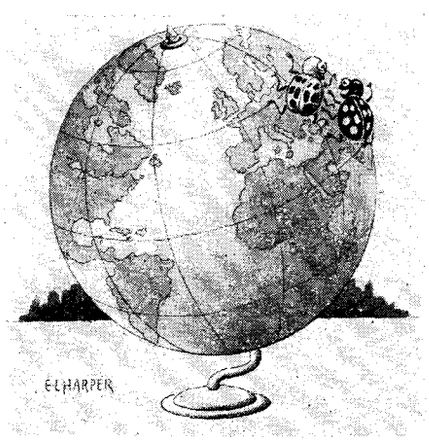
At first Goodman had a little trouble explaining his presence on the West Coast at all. Hope's entourage made it rather clear that no representative of the publisher was considered necessary to whip the manuscript into shape. It was a chance remark of Goodman's, uttered in a moment of exasperation, that unwittingly won Hope's heart. Goodman started to play in one of Hope's foursomes and, sadly out of practice, completed the first two holes in a ripe total of nineteen strokes. Hope tried to cheer him. "After all," he pointed out, "you Easterners can't play all-year round, and your game gets rusty. Relax and don't try to kill the ball. Easy does it." Goodman looked at him with ill-concealed disgust. "Oh," he muttered, "a philosopher as well as a son-of-a-bitch." The homely phrase touched Hope's heart. He chuckled over it for the rest of the round, and thereafter treated Goodman's gentlest suggestions with conspicuous respect.

**GOODMAN BROUGHT** the manuscript home under his arm and went to work on the advertising campaign. To date, approximately $25,000 has been spent, and the budget calls for at least $15,000 more before Christmas. " 'I Never Left Home,' " says one of the full-page ads, "sells to some 70,000 wild-eyed citizens every week in spite of the fact that the publishers have announced publicly that the book is a giant omelet composed of all the eggs laid by Bob Hope from London to Bizerte." Another release blandly suggests "Maybe people are sending this book overseas because it weighs under eight ounces and they figure their GIs can find good use for just under eight ounces of paper."

The most widely used copy is a facsimile of a "Wanted for Murder" police handout, showing two rare photographs of Hope with his mouth closed, and calling attention to his "quivering ski-jump nose and his tell-tale guilty look." "The publication of this man's book," it concludes, "is the only occasion in scientific history on which a human being has given birth to a turkey." The latest spread is headed "Look! Reviews, just like other books!"

Just how much Goodman's inspired copy has contributed to the general scramble, and what additional fuel was furnished by sixty-seven uncannily clever illustrations by Carl Rose, is anybody's guess. Certainly it couldn't happen to a grander guy. Every cent of Hope's royalty goes to the National War Fund. As these lines are being written, the subject of the eulogy is in the South Sea Islands, doing his stuff along with the sultry Frances Langford, boosting morale at every turn, and, incidentally, reflecting glory and distinction on the entire theatrical profession.

**SENATOR TAFT** probably disapproved strongly of Bob Hope's latest sally to hospitalized troops. "So Dewey's got his eye on the seat at the White House," he mused. "He's got quite some competition there. Look what the President's got on it." One patient was so weak he could scarcely lift his head. "Anemia and other complications," whispered an orderly. "What's the matter with you, fella?" asked Hope cheerily. "Say," answered the kid, "didn't you contribute a pint of blood last year?" "I did," said Hope. "Well," said the kid. "Shake hands with the guy that got it." . . .




**"Just fancy seeing you here. Small world after all."**

**WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST** has lured Westbrook Pegler into his fold. Pegler's contract with Scripps-Howard is expiring, and his column will move from the *New York World-Telegram* to the *Journal-American* later this month, with similar shifts following in other cities. The Hearst-Pegler romance is a natural—a perfect community of interests and oodles of coin on both sides. Roy Howard, whose editorial policies have shown definite and encouraging signs of swinging back to liberalism lately, has been increasingly embarrassed by Pegler's immoderate attacks on Mrs. F. D. R., the Maritime Union, labor in general, and Communists—the latter an all-embracing category that includes anybody Pegler happens to dislike. Mr. Hearst, presumably, will not only refrain from shackling the Peg, but will egg him on to fresh and more violent outbursts.

Pegler and Walter Winchell have often attacked each other in print. Journalists wonder if they'll keep up their feud, now that the same syndicate will be distributing their columns. They disagree violently on almost every vital question, which is a magnificent endorsement for the causes Winchell has been espousing so relentlessly in the past five years. . . .

**CHARLES ADDAMS** may call his next album of cartoons "The Real Macabre." . . . A befuddled customer at Harry Hartman's Bookshop in Seattle was looking for "The American Sandbag," by Carl Songbury. . . . Edith Gwynn is writing a novel called "The Considerate Wife." In the final chapter, the heroine shoots her husband with a bow and arrow. She doesn't want to wake the children. . . . Leonard Lyons declares that Ben Hecht's new scenario calls for the services of just one of the Marx Brothers. The tentative title is "Harpo's Bazaar." . . . Remember the acute pain felt by army bigwigs when they discovered that AMGOT was a naughty word in Turkish? Harry Hansen has just received a letter from an officer on duty in India. In Hindustani, the note complains, ducks are called buttuks, and the ducks swimming in a pond before headquarters are now referred to lovingly by enlisted personnel as "the Major's buttuks." . . . Hansen passed this on to Trade Winds because, he said, his own readers don't understand Hindustani. . . . Mr. James Agee strikes a new note in criticism in a



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

characteristically patronizing piece in the *Partisan Review*. After lambasting the daylights out of the Paul Robeson Othello, Carmen Jones, and Oklahoma, he loftily notes, "I should explain that I have not seen Othello, Carmen Jones, or Oklahoma, because I felt sure that they would be bad. People who spoke well of the shows have reinforced me in this feeling and have helped give it detail. People who spoke ill of them, I regarded as even more trustworthy." . . . Talcott Williams used to tell his students at the School of Journalism: "No matter what hog-wash you write, you'll probably be able to find some darn fool who'll print it." . . .

**WALTER CLARK**, author of "The Ox-Bow Incident" and the forthcoming "City of Trembling Leaves," visited a little New England town to get background material for a new novel. Everybody was friendly and helpful to him, particularly the editor of the local gazette, who supplied fascinating biographical bits about the inhabitants.

One afternoon he was walking down the main street with the postmistress when a man he had not seen before approached from the opposite direction. Clark noticed that everybody averted his gaze when the man went by. One woman gathered her little girl into her arms and pointedly crossed the street to get out of his way. "Who is this fellow coming along here?" he asked. The postmistress literally froze. "His name is Eustace Barron," she said coldly. "We do not talk about him in these parts." Clark noticed that Barron was well dressed, but had a hunted, furtive look on his face. He asked the editor about him, but that worthy gave him a withering glance, and stalked off to the press room without a word.

Clark was intrigued. Here was some dark mystery that might make perfect material for his book! That evening he came back to the newspaper office, with a jug of applejack to assure his welcome. The old editor expanded visibly under its influence. Clark bided his time. The old man was chuckling over an anecdote he just had retailed, when Clark suddenly said, "Now you simply have got to tell me about this fellow Eustace Barron. Why this conspiracy of silence? Did he commit rape, murder, incest, or what?"

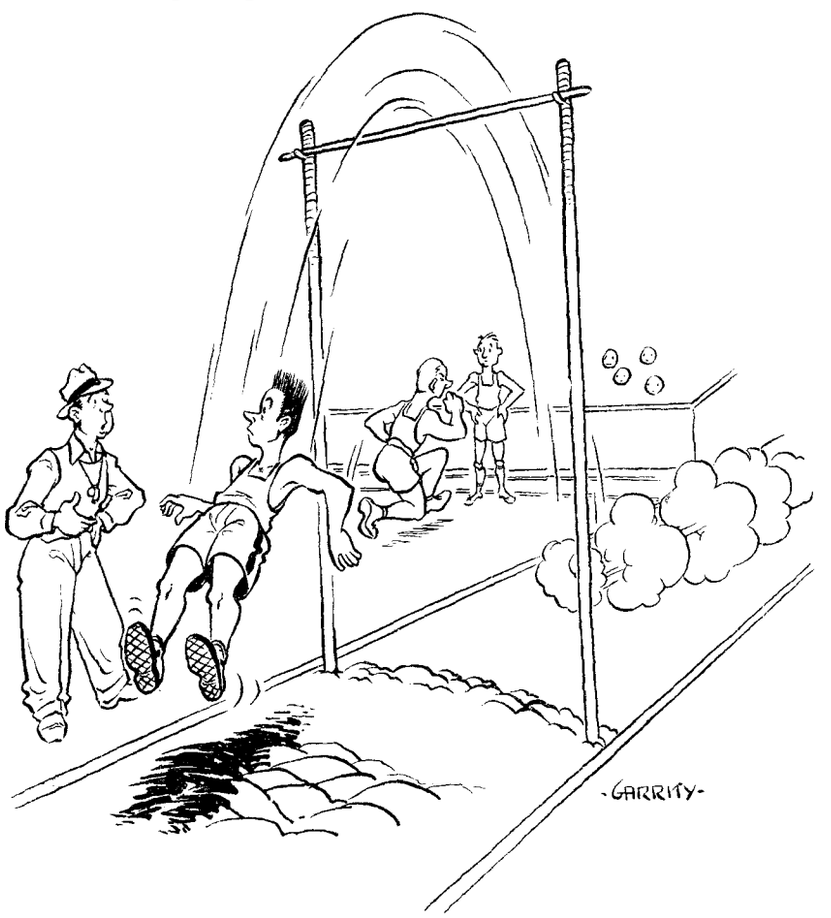
The editor compressed his lips. "Do you think I'd mind any little thing like that, son?" he said.

"Well, then, what was it?"

"You asked for it," said the editor. He carefully pulled down every shade in the room, tiptoed to the door to make sure nobody was eavesdropping, and finally whispered his secret into Clark's ear.

"Eustace Barron," he said, *"dipped into his capital!"*

BENNETT CERF.




**"I'm afraid they won't record that jump, Higgins, you were supposed to use a pole!"**


**SEPTEMBER CRIME CLUB SELECTION**

# ALARUM AND EXCURSION

***by Virginia Perdue***

***author of***

**HE FELL DOWN DEAD**

*! Nick Matheny, suffering from traumatic amnesia, pieced together enough memories from the past to make a frightening pattern that haunted his hospital room, evoking a tremendous compulsion to save some person or thing. His wife had become a stranger, his weakling son had disappeared, his accident at the factory was clouded in mystery, and — through the dark pattern, a secret formula wanted by more than one government cast its malignant shadow. Escaping from the hospital, Nick untangled a crime with a strange motive and a totally unorthodox ending.

*At your bookseller's* • $2.00

**THE CRIME CLUB**

** See back of new Crime Club jackets for key to these identifying symbols.*




PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# NOTES FROM Chapel Hill

WHAT IS wealth today? Is it gold or silver? Is it money? Is it land or factories? Is it warehouses full of goods? Is it stocks and bonds? If gold is dug merely to be buried, what is it worth? If factories are idle, if land is lying waste, if what factories and land are able to produce cannot be bought, what value do they have? Pile goods mountain high — are they wealth if people cannot use them? What is a stock or a bond but a worthless piece of paper if the claim that it asserts cannot be met?

We have for years felt the need of a book that dealt with these questions, that exposed the weak spots and gaps in accepted economic theory, that looked beyond price theory to the nature and foundations of property. We now have the book—it is by C. E. Ayres of The University of Texas and is called *The Theory of Economic Progress* ($3.00). No, we don't claim that Mr. Ayres has all the answers. On certain points we'd have to argue with him. But if better answers are to be found, the questions Mr. Ayres asks will have to be considered. Too much evidence is now piling up that again after the present world war, as after the first one, tremendous efforts are going to be made to ignore these questions.

It has long been evident there are many people in positions of great influence and responsibility working for the destruction of capitalism — the system under which modern wealth has been created. No — we aren't thinking of That Man in Washington and his supporters. We are thinking of people who imagine themselves advocates and protagonists of capitalism. If they learned anything in the first world war, or in the period 1929-1933, they give mighty little evidence of it. And what they haven't learned, it has to be admitted, a lot of the rest of us haven't learned either.

As for the economists, they still rattle sharks' teeth and roar incantations over prices and values, adding little to a better understanding of the economic order. Mr. Ayres exposes their mumbo-jumbo. Perhaps he substitutes some of his own—but who has ever written on economic subjects without using the invisible hand? Mr. Ayres at least tries to make the hand visible, and, in our opinion, he achieves a great measure of success.

As an antidote to sloppy thinking about the wealth of nations we believe this book will prove highly effective.

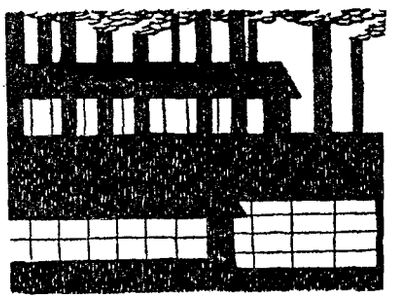
**The University of North Carolina Press**

## THE WAR AGAINST THE CHAIN-GANG OF PRODUCTION

(*Continued from page* 6)

Eden was an economy of abundance, and life in Eden was life without labor, a consumer life, all free activity bringing pleasure, happiness, and delight in living. But God had forbidden Adam and Eve to eat of the fruit of the tree of knowledge. Eve, persuaded by the serpent, had eaten, and Adam had followed suit. This disobedience was the original sin. It altered the inward nature of Adam and Eve. And this now corrupted nature of theirs is transmitted to their descendants. All the generations of man are tainted with it. Because of it God expelled Adam from the abundance and leisure of Eden "to till the ground from whence he was taken." Because of it God laid a curse upon Eve to bring forth her children in sorrow. Because of it God laid a curse upon Adam, to eat his bread in the sweat of his brow, to win his bread from a now condemned earth that would bring forth for him "thorns also and thistles."

The modern mind tries hard not to think of labor and leisure in this way. When we moralize, we are disposed to deprecate, even to condemn, leisure, and to commend, even to exalt, labor. We speak boldly and often about "the dignity of labor." We have even invented a "right to work." We have come to use the word "worker" with much the same feeling of appreciation and approval that still attaches to the word "gentlemen." This change has grown out of the democratic revolution, whose fighting faith is contained in the seven propositions of the Declaration of Independence, which proclaimed that individual human beings each different from the others are by nature equal in their unalienable right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, and that governments are merely changeable means devised to secure these rights. The principles that the workingman must be a free man, that labor has dignity even a nobler dignity than leisure—follow from the articles of faith in this American-born charter of equal liberty for all the billions of different men and women who people the earth.



These principles however, do not contradict the traditional religious and humanist conception of the relation of leisure to labor, of consumer to producer. They confirm the conception, but they reject its traditional application. They refuse to confine it to the small numbers of men and women who from the beginning of civilization were, because of birth or station or other forms of privilege, free to live their lives without needing to earn their livings. They purposefully extend it to the great multitudes of human beings who are cut off from living any life because nothing of their lifetime is spared from earning a living. They affirm that the workingman, no less than the gentleman, . . . is a consumer by nature; that his natural goal is leisure not labor; freedom, not bondage; that he becomes a producer by necessity; and that he strives all his life to unshackle himself from this necessity. why, the struggle to devise "labor-saving" devices? Why the honor and gratitude to inventors of such devices? Why the efforts of labor-unions ever to raise wages and reduce hours—that is, to increase leisure and the possibility of consumption? Indeed, whatever may be a modern man's professions regarding "the dignity of labor," his practices confirm the judgment passed upon it by both the humanities and the religions of our civilization. John Mitchell and Ira Steward speaking for the liberation of the unfree multitudes from want and from fear regarding things and thoughts, simply harmonized, each in his own way, profession with practice. They reaffirmed the primacy of the consumer.

The principle of the primacy of the consumer expresses the innermost nature of the human creature. It embodies the truth about all the freedoms he gropes after and labors for to the end of his days. We are born consumers and consumers we remain all our lives. Not many may all their lives consume without producing, while too many must all their lives produce, consuming only enough to keep them producing. And every soul of those unfree multitudes dreams of the day when he may be purely a consumer again; every soul struggles to be freed



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the chain-gang of production in which survival shackles him.

It is not natural either to eat to live or to live to eat. It is natural to enjoy living as eating, and to take delight in eating as living. Rightly or wrongly, the farmer's existence is supposed to possess this naturalness. Yet his life, too, divideds into day-life and nightlife. By his work on the farm he is engaged in earning his living. Most of what he produces—let it be grain, or cotton, or milk, or fruit or vegetables—he produces, not to consume for himself, but to sell to others for money. With this money he buys, of course, the tools and materials which he has used up as producer and which he must replace if he is to continue producing. But if those were all his money could buy, he would indeed be no more than a tool with life in it. To be a free man, he must be able to exchange his money not for producer goods only, but for consumer goods, material and spiritual: not only for work-clothes, but leisure clothes—clothes for church, for parties, for political meetings; not only for a farm truck but a passenger car; not only for manuals on farming, but for newspapers, magazines, books, radio, an occasional motion-picture, a play or concert; for something to risk on the races, at checkers or at bridge; for a baseball game; for hunting and fishing in the season; not only for good barns, but for a good school and good teachers for his children; for a well-built, well-appointed house with adequate plumbing and heating and good furniture to be his home. Obviously, his interests as a consumer are many and varied in kind and quality, his interests as a producer are of one kind and few. Yet as a rule, his mind and heart are concentrated on the narrow arts of production. From sunrise to sunset, and beyond, he performs his backbreaking labors for money to spend and he joins with other farmers in order to buy his producers' goods as cheaply and to sell his product as dearly as possible. Then, when he has his money, he for the most part continues to leave the art of spending and using, which is the art of consumption, to shift for itself. Through his working day, from morn to noon, from noon to night our farmer burns up his energies in his hard labor. When he stops for lunch, the food he eats is merely so many calories of fuel which his working oxidized into fatigue products and which his meal replaces. He bolts his bread and meat and pie; he gulps his coffee; he snatches his smoke. He is scarcely aware how his food has tasted. He has no effective interest in how it was served. The food only stokes the labor-expending animal en-


**HAVE YOU DISCOVERED**

# Kierkegaard?

**You know his name, but have you READ him? Sören Kierkegaard has been soberly compared to Socrates, Pascal, Nietzsche, Tolstoy, Augustine, Freud, Tertullian, and William James (to give only part of the list).**

**TIME MAGAZINE:** "Had this philosopher and mystic not written in a minor language, his fame would have resounded with that of Carlyle, Nietzsche, and Dostoevski."

**MIGUEL UNAMUNO:** "I learned the language in order to read Ibsen and was rewarded by reading Kierkegaard."

**REINHOLD NIEBUHR:** "The profoundest interpreter of the psychology of the religious life, in my opinion, since St. Augustine."

**COMMONWEAL:** "The greatest Protestant Christian of the nineteenth century, a man equal in spiritual stature to Cardinal Newman."

**CHRISTIAN CENTURY:** "Kierkegaard has inspired all those philosophers and theologians of the recent past who have concerned themselves with the doctrine of man."

**W. H. AUDEN:** "To Messrs. Lowrie, Swenson, Dru, Payne and others, and to the Oxford, Princeton and other presses who during the last five or six years have been making Kierkegaard available in English, we and our children shall owe a debt which we could not repay even if we remembered it."

**These are the thirteen Princeton Kierkegaard publications:**

***ATTACK ON "CHRISTENDOM,"*** translated by Walter Lowrie. $2.50

***THE CONCEPT OF DREAD,*** translated by Walter Lawrie. $2.00

***CONCLUDING UNSCIENTIFIC POSTSCRIPT,*** translated by David F. Swenson and Walter Lowrie. (Published for American-Scandinavian Foundation.) $6.00

***EITHER/OR,*** translated by David F. Swenson, Lillian M. Swenson, and Walter Lowrie, 2 volumes. $7.50

***FEAR AND TREMBLING,*** translated by Walter Lowrie. $2.75

***FOR SELF-EXAMINATION and JUDGE FOR YOURSELVES!*** Translated by Walter Lowrie. (Offset reprint of the Oxford edition.) $2.50

***PHILOSOPHICAL FRAGMENTS,*** translated by David F. Swenson. (Published for American-Scandinavian Foundation.) $2.00

***REPETITION,*** translated by Walter Lowrie (with a bibliographical essay, "How Kierkegaard Got Into English"). $2.75

***A SHORT LIFE OF KIERKEGAARD,*** by Walter Lowrie. $2.75

***THE SICKNESS UNTO DEATH,*** translated by Walter Lowrie. $2.00

***STAGES ON LIFE'S WAY,*** translated by Walter Lowrie. $6.00

***TRAINING IN CHRISTIANITY,*** translated by Walter Lowrie. (Offset reprint of the Oxford edition.) $3.00

***THE WORKS OF LOVE,*** translated by David F. Swenson and Lillian M. Swenson. (Spring, 1945)

*Order from your bookseller or from*

**PRINCETON UNIVERSITY PRESS, Princeton, New Jersey**




PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gine, restoring its "horse-power." It does not actually feed the human being.

For the human being cares about exactly those qualities which the animal engine, the labor-expending organism, the wage-earning or profit-seeking producer, must needs disregard. But the laborer, the producer, is not freed to be a man again until the day is done and the day's work is over. In this respect, the factory-worker is far worse off than the farmer. His life is far more unnatural. On the job he is not a man with a proper name but a "hand" with a number. His work is not varied like the farmer's nor does he have the mobility of the farmer. His tools are not movable like the awl of the shoemaker or the needle of the tailor, which those craftsmen take up or put down at will. It is the "hand" who is movable, and attached to a stationary machine like any other attachable and detachable gadget. If that man is a tailor who makes a whole suit of clothes, and that man is a shoemaker who makes a whole pair of shoes, the factory worker is neither a tailor nor a shoemaker. The act of making suits or shoes is divided into twenty or thirty separate operations, with one worker to repeat each operation endlessly throughout the working day. In terms of a whole suit or a whole pair of shoes, it is the factory that is the tailor, the shop that is the shoemaker. In terms of the whole product the operative is only 1/20 or 1/30 of a shoemaker or tailor. The operative's lunch, even more than the farmer's, is a replacement of burnt-up calories, not the gratification of a human being's hunger. It stokes the animal engine, it does not feed a man with a heart and a mind.

But finally, like the farmer's, the factory hand's workday ends. Here they are now, farmer and factory worker, released from being producers earning their livings, free to be the consumers they were born as, living their lives. They clean up. They wash away, so far as they can, the marks of their producer day. They put off their labor clothes and put on their leisure clothes. By contrast, they now move without haste and speak without strain. The supper they sit down to may consist of exactly the same dishes that they ate at noon. But their food is not now just so many hundreds of calories to be swallowed but not savored. It is now an exciting and delightful combination of sights and flavors and scents and textures. The cloth it is laid on, garnished perhaps, with flowers, the dishes it is served on, the knives and forks and spoons it is taken with, feed the eye and the hand with sight and touch as much as the fragrance, the taste, the chewing, and digesting please the palate and comfort the body. Communion with others, table talk, music or news on the radio, may accompany the meal. Compared with the noonday event, this meal is eaten without haste, lingeringly, and the qualities of each dish may be discussed like the contents of a good book, or the events of an exciting game or movie or play.

This is how we take our meals as human beings—that is, as consumers. And significantly, both the physiologist and the psychologist advise us that in taking our meals thus, we not only do not diminish, we heighten the caloric or producer value of our nourishment. We are free to eat thus only at night and perhaps on Sundays, when we are at leisure. The waking hours that remain are taken up similarly by actions which farmer and worker perform for the fun of it, freely because they want to, not necessarily because they have to. They may read, or sing or play cards or play billiards, or go bowling or attend a movie or a concert or a lodge meeting or a church social or a political rally, or they may go shopping for clothes or baseballs or shotguns or boxing gloves. Whatever they do, they will be spending the money they earned as producers, and in spending they will be doing those many different things for the sake of which they labor monotonously at producing one thing; they will be living their lives.

Obviously, it if is good for people to come together in joint stock companies, trades-unions, buying and sales coöperatives, it is a far, far better thing for them to come together in consumer coöperatives. It is as much better, as the multiplicity, the variety, the range and the meaning of each man's interests as consumer inevitably outnumber and outweigh his interests as a producer. That which human beings can offer to exchange for money in order to earn their livings is valuable to them only in terms of things that they can exchange their money for in order to live their lives. All that the farmer wins through G. L. F. in reducing the costs and increasing the profits of the products he sells is often entirely lost in the prices he pays for the things he buys with those profits. It is not earning that measures income, it is spending. It is not production that governs the standard of a standard of living—President Roosevelt called the standard of living "that primary weapon of our defense"—it is consumption. It is not power over production that gives a man the power over his own support, it is power over consumption, and power over production through power over consumption. It is not by producer-organization that a man achieves his freedom, it is by consumer-organization.

This is the truth that wise men of Greece and Rome saw and taught, that the Christian church transmitted and interpreted, that John Mitchell and Ira Steward rediscovered and restated with fresh meanings. This is the principle that the consumer coöperatives of the world have tested and verified. Their rules of association, which the twenty-eight weavers of Rochdale put together and first applied, define the economic organization of liberty. Addressing themselves to freedom from want, the rules cannot, however, work effectively unless the other three freedoms of Mr. Roosevelt's four freedoms are also in force—especially freedom of thought and freedom of conscience. On the record, it is where these have been in force, alike in England, on the continent, and elsewhere in the world, that Rochdale coöperatives worked their way through the business cycles of peace-time, the distortions and scarcities of wartime, more stably, more evenly than any other form of economic organization. During the First World War they served as a check on inflation and at some points as a preventive. Governments, parties, churches everywhere are aware of the coöperatives' potential. In some instances they solicit their voluntary collaboration, in others they divert the coöperatives from their true functions and degrade them into tools of policy. When this happens—it did happen in Austria, in Poland, and others of the Slavic countries, in Italy and in Germany—the faith in the primacy of the consumer, which is the soul of coöperation, is dissipated, its morale destroyed. With its organization based on open membership, democratic government, limited interest on capital, and a return to the purchaser of the difference between cost and alien uses. It cannot be harmonized with

**Fraser Young's Literary Crypt: No. 64**

*A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. The solution to Crypt No. 64 will be found in the next issue.*

ADHK BDFG CKMLEODG, BKN RFAA CDN PDSC BDFG EKPLK.

—LKDGLK EKGOKGN.

---

***Answer to Literary Crypt No. 63***

HOW SWEETLY ONE GUINEA RHYMES TO ANOTHER, AND HOW THEY DANCE TO THE MUSIC OF THEIR OWN CLINK.

—CONGREVE.

—OLD BACHELOR.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

alien uses. It can not be harmonized with authoritarian government of any sort. It is irreconcilable. with totalitarianism.

When allowed to survive or perish on its merits, consumer coöperation is the one form of collective liberty which can serve as the "grass-roots" implementation of the free man's peace. It is alone capable of turning a "good neighbor policy" from a policy into a way of life. When the United Nations have won their victory, there will be millions of uprooted, homeless human beings to care for, to settle, to rehabilitate in health, in hope, in self-dependence, and self-respect. On its record, the consumer coöperative technique is the simplest, surest way to attempt this. Whatever survives of coöperative skill and coöperative power can be mobilized and set to work; where none survives, men and women trained elsewhere, can be sent in. Rehabilitation can be thus initiated and carried through at a minimum of economic cost and a maximum of profit in terms of human life and liberty. The same would hold for demobilized soldiers, for farmers, for craftsmen, for wage-earners employed on the inevitable public works of restoration. For all of them, the conversion of money-wages into real wages in terms of food, clothing, shelter, education, protection against disease and crime, and all the other goods of life, by means of the credit union, of the cooperative store, of the coöperative wholesale and marketing-society would serve as a counter alike to the profiteering monopolistic private trader and to debilitating government management. But far more important is the fact that alone the consumer coöperative can provide a discipline in the democratic way of life, labor, and thought for both war and peace. The neighborhood units could be confederated into regional wholesales and unions, the regional into national and the national into world-wide alliances, through which they could pool their financial resources and keep up a continuous free trade of skills, knowledges, goods and services. The cadres of such a world-wide economic collaboration of free men existed and were growing in the free countries before the war. One of the tasks of the coöperative movement entering upon its second hundred years, is to think out in detail how they may be filled and employed to win the war, and adapted to assure the peace. Its other task is to communicate this knowledge as a fighting faith to the peoples and the governments of the United Nations—the faith that the economy of consumer coöperation, based upon management by, of, and for the forgotten men of the world, can channel all the liberties of man into the structure of lasting peace.

# Cause and Cure of Totalitarianism

*OMNIPOTENT GOVERNMENT. THE RISE OF THE TOTAL STATE AND TOTAL WAR. By Ludwig von Mises. New Haven: Yale University Press.* 1944. 291 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by HANS KOHN

PROFESSOR VON MISES has written one of the most thoughtful and challenging books published for a long time. It deals primarily with the cause and cure of the menace which Germany offers to the contemporary world. Many sharp and surprisingly well formulated observations and penetrating judgments will be accepted even by those who, like the present reviewer, regard the author's explanations as rather onesided. Dr. von Mises is an unrepentant believer in market economy and free trade as against government regulation, one of the few remaining Victorian "old fashioned" liberals. "All the oratory of the advocates of government omnipotence cannot annul the fact that there is but one system that makes for durable peace: a free market economy. Government control leads to economic nationalism and thus results in conflict."

In his extreme liberalism Professor von Mises is as utopian as doctrinaire socialists are. In his final conclusion he writes: "Durable peace is only possible under perfect capitalism, hitherto never and nowhere completely tried or achieved. No international conflicts can [then] arise: there are [then] no [longer any] economic causes of war." The same sentence could have been written by utopian socialists, simply replacing the word "capitalism" by "socialism." Unfortunately perfect capitalism and perfect socialism are rational constructions which are not found in reality; and the main causes of war are neither rational nor economic. Nevertheless at a time when government interference everywhere, by necessity, narrows the sphere of the liberty of the individual, a warning like that by Professor von Mises in favor of liberty is more timely than the emphasis upon the community at the expense of the individual. Highest political wisdom will be required to strike the right balance and to achieve, to use Churchill's words, those "much more exact definitions which will be needed of the rights of the individual and of the relations of the individual to the great framework of the state.


"A superb achievement.. A galloping story full of passion, strife and humor.. Intriguing and brilliantly written." —N. K. Burger, N. Y. Times

THE HISTORY OF

ROME HANKS

AND KINDRED MATTERS

by Joseph Stanley Pennell

"A novel about the Civil War, about courage and death and life and love, and about the American dream and the American spirit."
—Orville Prescott, N. Y. Times

$2.75
AT BOOKSTORES
SCRIBNERS




PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which must have as its highest purpose the safeguarding of those individual rights, and the reconciling of the freedom of each with the broad general interests of the community."

But even if he rejects the author's purely economic interpretation of history, or disagrees with his all-out emphasis on economic liberty, the reader will find the book most clear-sighted and interesting on the present world crisis, written with an incisive clarity which makes the reading of it a pleasure. Professor von Mises shows that the present world crisis has its focal point in Germany, that this present war is a German war as was the war of 1914, and that it is impossible to perceive its fundamental issues without an understanding of the essence and forces of German nationalism. His analysis of the Bismarckian and Wilhelminian empire is extremely keen; with great skill he shows the roots of national socialism in Adolf Wagner and other champions of German protectionism, in those "Socialists of the chair" who were the protagonists of German *Handels und Machtpolitik*. German aggressive nationalism in the nineteenth century was not initiated by the masses nor by the Junkers, not by big business nor by high finance but by professors and writers. They told the Germans after 1870 that their nation was the strongest in Europe, powerful enough to subdue Europe and to lead the world. The Germans enjoyed the advantage of standing on interior lines in warfare and of being morally and educationally so much superior to all other peoples who were no match for them. Even Britain ruled the waves only because Germany politically disunited, had in the past neglected sea power. Endowed with unique qualities, supported by their minorities all over the world, the Germans under the leadership of the Hohenzollerns would fulfill their world-encompassing mission. After the defeat of 1918 the Nazis assumed the role of the Hohenzollern, this time certain of their final victory for they had freed themselves of all chains of morality and humanity. They argued that if they won the war they would exterminate their foes and thus make a later war of revenge impossible, while, even should they lose the first attempt, the Western victors would impose a treaty like Versailles which would enable the Germans to renew the fighting afterward until they finally conquered a discouraged world.

Professor von Mises is convinced that "the plans and policies of the Nazis differ from those of their predecessors in imperial Germany only in the fact that they are adapted to a different constellation of political conditions. The ultimate aim, German world hegemony, and the means for its attainment, conquest, have not changed. One of the most curious facts of modern history is that the foreigners for whom this German nationalism was a menace did not sooner become aware of the danger. They do not understand that the eternal struggles which shook Germany were disputes among people who were unanimous in regard to the ultimate ends of German foreign policy." Nazism could conquer Germany so easily not on account of some shortcomings of the Weimar constitution but because the Nazi ideas never met any adequate intellectual resistance. Militant nationalism and a deep respect for authority and military virtues were shared by the immense majority of the German people. The great economic depression of the thirties resulted only in Germany in the victory of a party recommending war as a panacea. The nucleus of Nazi propaganda was not the alleged unfairness of the Treaty of Versailles; it was the fact that the most powerful nation in the world which had shown its invincibility in the Great War had been tricked and stabbed in the back by the Jews and their helpers in the allied countries. If the Germans really want to, and will become immune to Jewish propaganda, they can rout all other nations.

Some of the most brilliant pages of the book are devoted to the Treaty of Versailles, its territorial arrangements and the reparations. As regards the future peace treaty, Professor von Mises points out that the Germans are fully convinced that compulsion applied by them to others is just, while compulsion applied to themselves is criminal. Thus it is vain to expect the Germans to abide by any treaty if conditions for a new war seem favorable. The only solution that should work, provided the victors maintain their alliance after the war, is a complete military and economic disarmament of Germany and her allies.

> We must see conditions as they really are, not as we want them to be. It is vain to expect that defeat will change the mentality of the defeated and make them peace-loving. As the victors will not concede them what the Germans want, world hegemony, they will not renounce their aggressive plans so long as the true strategical advantages of high population figures and interior lines remain unchanged. Nazism would be resurrected in a new form and under a new name. They will cling to peace only if conditions are such that they cannot hope to conquer.

It is impossible, in a brief review, to give an adequate picture of the wealth of fertile suggestions and interpretations in the book. Though there are many points, some of them fundamental, in which this reviewer entirely disagrees with the author, he has found even those arguments which he thought wrong challenging and thought-provoking. To the critical reader the book should be highly recommended.

## ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. "The Prisoner of Chillon," by Byron.
2. The Walrus, in "The Walrus and the Carpenter," by Carroll.
3. "The Ancient Mariner," by Coleridge.
4. Sir Joseph Porter, in "H.M.S. Pinafore," by W. S. Gilbert.
5. The schoolmaster, in "The Deserted Village," by Goldsmith.
6. Ah Sin, the heathen Chinee, in "Plain Language from Truthful James," by Bret Harte.
7. Ben Battle, in "Faithless Nelly Gray," by Thomas Hood.
8. Porphyro, in "The Eve of St. Agnes," by Keats.
9. "The Owl and the Pussycat," by Edward Lear.
10. The skipper's daughter, in "The Wreck of the Hesperus," by Longfellow.
11. "Lycidas," by Milton.
12. Belinda, in "The Rape of the Lock," by Pope.
13. "Lochinvar," by Scott.
14. "Maud Muller," by Whittier.
15. "The Solitary Reaper," by Wordsworth.

# Popular Phrase

**By Alfred Kreymborg**

WHATEVER you ration don't ration this,
The lad and lass whose bodies kiss
At a hungry rate because you'll enlist
The lad and he's killed instead of kissed.
And if bullets are kisses and then no more,
His body at least will never be missed
By love's rash seed or a child's bliss,
And we'll need the child for another war
Much like the one we had before.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Salutary History

*THE WAR OF 1812. By Henry Adams. Washington, D. C.: The Infantry Journal.* 1944. 377 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by
BRIGADIER GENERAL DONALD ARMSTRONG

HENRY ADAMS unwittingly supplied a title for one of the most glorious days in the annals of the U. S. Army. While this review is being written, the map showing our armored spearheads in Brittany and heading towards Paris might have been appropriately called "Mont St. Michel and Chartres." To Henry Adams we must go likewise for the best account extant of the most inglorious period in our military history. No one has written a better summary of the fallacies, follies, futilities, and frustrations of the war of 1812 than Adams in his nine-volume "History of the United States," published over fifty years ago. Major de Weerd of *The Infantry Journal* deserves our thanks for segregating and publishing that portion of the history that deals with the all time high in military ineptitude. As he points out, a study of its military defeats is more salutary to a nation than a contemplation of its successes. The war of 1812 is a fertile field for profitable investigation.

In 1812 the Atlantic Ocean offered a barrier to aggression. But it likewise furnished a pathway for invasion. A nation without a military policy, with stupid political and military leadership, watched in a panic as 4500 British troops landed southeast of Washington, and in no hurry at all advanced against no opposition towards the nation's Capitol. Finally, the general responsible for the defense of Washington, a soldier named Winder, bestirred himself.

What manner of man was this Winder? Let Adams describe the general in his inimitable style:

> Neither William Hull, Alexander Smyth, Dearborn, Wilkinson, nor Winchester showed such incapacity as Winder either to organize, fortify, fight, or escape. When he might have prepared defenses, he acted as scout; when he might have fought, he still scouted; when he retreated, he retreated in the wrong direction; when he fought he thought only of retreat; and whether scouting, retreating, or fighting, he never betrayed an idea.

Is there any wonder then that the British advanced to Washington and burned the Capitol and the White House with as little resistance, Henry Adams pointed out, as met Cortez on his expedition?

There is one pertinent comment concerning this war that America must never forget. Mr. Adams wrote:

> In the American character, antipathy to war ranked first among political traits. The majority of Americans regarded war in a peculiar light, the consequence of comparative security. No European nation could have conducted a war, as the people of America conducted the War of 1812. The possibility of doing so without destruction explained the existence of the national trait, and assured its continuance.

There is no longer the possibility of preserving our nation if such an attitude persists. The weapons of the aggressor are too potent. This volume should be read and pondered over by all Americans. It is not only salutary history, but also American literature at its best.

# Fulton and Others

*STEAMBOATS COME TRUE: AMERICAN INVENTORS IN ACTION. By James Thomas Flexner. New York: The Viking Press.* 1944. 406 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by JOHN T. WINTERICH

ROBERT FULTON was the inventor of the steamboat. So asserts Mr. Flexner in the next to the last sentence of his briskly readable, well-documented recital of as complex and confusing a drama as was ever enacted on the stage of mechanical progress. Much depends, he concedes, on one's definition of the term inventor; it has, he declares, "a meaning only if taken in the sense of a man who was slightly in advance of the procession at the critical moment when his civilization was already on the verge of the discovery he was about to make. Like the winner of a race, he is the first individual to step over the line that separates practical invention from improved application."

There had been an earlier race—a race with two starters and no finishers. James Rumsey died in a moment of triumph as he prepared to explain his model to a committee of English scientists. John Fitch's death was of smaller pathological interest. He hoarded the sleeping pills which had been prescribed for him and washed them all down at once with a copious chaser of whiskey.

Mr. Flexner views the whole fantastic interplay of rivalries in proper perspective as an incident (and the most significant incident to that moment) in the industrial revolution. His is a crowded panorama—Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, Napoleon, Watt, the great and the little, the credulous and the scheming, the taken-in and the takers-in. It is a fascinating if not an inspiring story, and Mr. Flexner tells it vividly.


## 8 BOOKLETS BY BERTRAND RUSSELL

Bertrand Russell, the distinguished philosopher, mathematician, logician and Freethinker, recently said that he enjoyed writing booklets for E. Haldeman-Julius because he is given the fullest freedom of expression. In fact, it is only in essays written for Haldeman Julius that Dr. Russell can give circulation to the mind-liberating thoughts he feels should be made known to the average person. Most standard publishers are afraid to issue works that are frowned on by the orthodox and conventional. Such a restriction is never encountered in the editorial department of the H-J Publications. In the booklets listed below Dr. Russell offers a feast of reason, information, logic, wit and rollicking humor. We present:

THE VALUE OF FREE THOUGHT. How to Become a Truth-Seeker and Break the Chains of Mental Slavery. . . . 25¢
AN OUTLINE OF INTELLECTUAL RUBBISH. A Hilarious Catalogue of Organized and Individual Stupidity. . . . . 25¢
HOW TO READ AND UNDERSTAND HISTORY. The Past as the Key to the Future. . . . . 25¢
HOW TO BECOME A PHILOSOPHER, A LOGICIAN, A MATHEMATICIAN. 30¢
WHAT CAN A FREEMAN WORSHIP? 25¢
WHY I AM NOT A CHRISTIAN. . . 25¢
HAS RELIGION MADE USEFUL CONTRIBUTIONS TO CIVILIZATION? . 25¢
A LIBERAL VIEW OF DIVORCE. . 25¢

We offer all eight booklets by Bertrand Russell for only $1.45, prepaid. Ask for BERTRAND RUSSELL'S EIGHT BOOKLETS. *Address:*

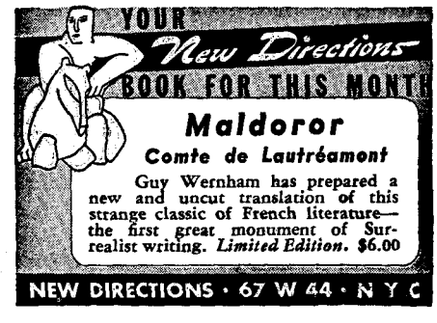
E. HALDEMAN-JULIUS,
Box R-54, Girard, Kansas.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

*Build an American Future*

*BUY WAR BONDS*

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★


YOUR
New Directions
BOOK FOR THIS MONTH
Maldoror
Comte de Lautréamont
Guy Wernham has prepared a new and uncut translation of this strange classic of French literature—the first great monument of Surrealist writing. Limited Edition. $6.00
NEW DIRECTIONS · 67 W 44 · N Y C




PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# The Phoenix Nest

SOMETIMES when one marvels at the grasp-of-reality-lag in our Congress, that makes for such a weird anachronism as Senator Bilbo, that causes some senators to think it extremely dangerous to let soldiers think for themselves, that accounts for the ancient monkeyshines of Representative Rankin of Mississippi, one decides that the state of the world simply moves much too fast for some people. It is impossible for them to keep up with it. This was borne in upon me the other day when I encountered even such a prophet as H. G. Wells has been, trying, back in 1914, to describe warfare in Europe presumably taking place about 1960, or fifteen or so years from now. The book is "The World Set Free," wherein Wells pays tribute to Frederick Soddy's interpretation of radium, describes how gold was produced from bismuth in 1933, and how in 1953 the first Holsten-Roberts engine brought induced radio-activity into the sphere of industrial production! He makes great play with an atomic bomb dropped on Berlin in a manner now to us incredibly amateurish. And then I came across a description of the fighting in France which, in view of the way wars are actually fought today, and the manner in which Eisenhower has conducted the present French campaign, seems very funny. It is not nearly so funny, of course, when you consider that back in 1914, H. G. Wells was one of the extremely few who had any idea at all as to how the war of the future would develop. In fact, at the start of this one, as we know, most military men in France and England were going to fight the war along the lines of the last one. Still, the following now sounds—save for the atomic feature—much more like the War of 1870 (save for planes) than any battle in a struggle of later times.

> That battle went on for three days all over a great stretch of country between Louvain on the north and Longwy to the south. It was essentially a rifle and infantry struggle. The aeroplanes do not seem to have taken any decisive share in the actual fighting for some days, though no doubt they affected the strategy from the first by preventing surprise movements. They were aeroplanes with atomic engines, but they were not provided with atomic bombs, which were manifestly unsuitable for field use, nor indeed had they any very effective kind of bomb. And though they manœuvred against each other, and there was rifle shooting at them and between them, there was little actual aerial fighting. Either the airmen were indisposed to fight, or the commanders on both sides preferred to reserve these machines for scouting. . . .

Of course, the progress of destructive aviation has been well-nigh incredible, and now the Robot bombs launched by those masters of sadism, the Germans, seem like some Wellsian prophesy come true!

Of course there is much more to the book than that. Before the last war and before the League of Nations, Wells was writing about a conference of the Powers called together near Lake Maggiore by Leblanc, the French ambassador at Washington, to end war. I wish the conference at Dumbarton Oaks would read the remarks made by "King Egbert, the young king of the most venerable kingdom in Europe." I wish Congressmen had to be kings for as much as a week and learned something about responsibility to the people—I don't mean their "responsibility to their constituents." The World Republic—what a dream! Ten years ago we should have said, "The Flying Fortress, what a dream—the B-29, what a dream!" But nothing's a dream if it's only destructive enough. Anything's a *dream,* if it is *constructive* and for the greatest good of the greatest number.

The conference on the Brissago meadows, that Wells imagined, that proclaimed the unity of the world, is going to come some day, unless the total destruction of the world comes first. But what Wells has never counted on is the humorlessness of representatives of the people, of politicians, of statesmen, and of businessmen—their humorlessness and their lack of imagination. Another thing he never counted upon was how hugely you can blast and devastate countries and cities and how hugely men still keep on fighting. But I wish someone had asked H. G. Wells to sit in at Dumbarton Oaks! One of the best minds of our time, and—think of it! —the nations make no use of him!

Margaret Joyce of Washington, D. C. writes:

> Here is a small contribution for the Phoenix Nest. It's true, too. Overheard recently in a Washington bus—"You know, Washington is really quite an international city now. There must be people here from every state in the Union!"
>
> Where does that leave the august personages and distinguished visitors at present engaged in plotting the shape of things to come in the state-


VIKING JUNIOR BOOKS

**September 1944 Check List**

*Picture Books*

I HAD A PENNY. *Written and Illustrated by* Audrey Chalmers. *Ages 5 to 7.* $1.00

IN THE FOREST. *Written and Illustrated by* Marie Hall Ets. *Ages 3 to 6.* $1.00

ANGELO THE NAUGHTY ONE. *By* Helen Garrett. *Illustrated by* Leo Politi. *Ages 4 to 7.* $2.00

*Stories*

THE ROOSTER CLUB. *Written and Illustrated by* Valenti Angelo. *Ages 9 to 12.* $2.00

FORWARD, COMMANDOS! *By* Margery Bianco. *Illustrated by* Rafaello Busoni. *Ages 9 to 11.* $2.00

RIDERS OF THE GABILANS. *By* Graham M. Dean. *Illustrated by* Wesley Dennis. *High School Age.* $2.00

RABBIT HILL. *Written and Illustrated by* Robert Lawson. *All Ages.* $2.00

*Write for Complete Catalogue to*

THE VIKING PRESS

*18 East 48th St., New York 17, N. Y.*


# The Criminal Record

**The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction**

| *Title and Author* | *Crime, Place, and Sleuth* | *Summing Up* | *Verdict* |
|---|---|---|---|
| A ROPE OF SAND *Francis Bonnamy* (Duell, Sloan & Pearce: $2.50) | Hulking Norwegian metallurgist slain on dunes near Gary, Ind. Peter Shane selects culprit from choice group of super-heated suspects. | Pungently effective mixture of murder, emotional tangles, and espionage, with well-drawn characters, ample action, and believable detecting. | Recommended |
| NOT QUITE DEAD ENOUGH *Rex Stout* (Farrar & Rinehart: $2.) | Two Nero Wolfe stories about murders in Manhattan with Major Archie Goodwin palavering as smoothly as ever. | Item A deals with death of girl in pigeon fancier's eyrie; t'other about murder by bomb in Military Intelligence headquarters. | Good—as usual |



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ly halls of Dumbarton Oaks in this city?

Please help Evelyn Weachtee of the Reference Division of the Akron Public Library, Akron 8, Ohio, on the following:

> We have been asked for the origin of the term "green thumb," referring to a person who has a special talent for making things grow.
>
> Mr. Thomas Williams, "The Old Dirt Dobber," who is the sponsor for "The Order of the Green Thumb" in his Saturday morning programs over CBS, refers us to a work by Sylvia Townsend Warner where the character, Rebecca Random is described thus:

Nor did their mistress labor overmuch.
Some skill she had, and, more than skill, a touch
that prospered all she set, as though there were a chemical affinity "twixt her stuff and the stuff of plants—a pulse, a stroke,
implicit in her groping paws, that woke
the dreaming seed, and bade the root take hold;
an Open Sesame of the hand, that old west-county (England or Ireland) parlance known
as "a green thumb." "Rebecca do have luck with flowers," quoth some. . .

> Could you or your readers give us further information on the origin of this interesting and well-known term?

Rose Dobbs, Editor of Books for Boys and Girls at Coward-McCann, Inc., reminds me that both Mr. Walbridge and I like "E. Nesbit," and, anent what he recently said in this column about pigeons, recommends to me "Pigeon Heroes: Birds of War and Messengers of Peace," by Marion B. Cothren, published by her firm. "It is full of fascinating information!" Walbridge postcards, meanwhile, that the name of the editor of "News from Belgium" is Jan-Albert Goris. "He seems to have a complete command of American idiom and folkways, and he has been writing in English only since 1941! A collection of M. Goris' editorials was published last year; foreword by James Hilton."

Mrs. Wagstaff, a well-known American poet, sent me the following back in February; but although the geography has changed since then, what the poem has to say concerning the indifferentees in our country—who are already celebrating the end of the war, and have never had the slightest conception of what it meant or means—what this poem has to say about *them* is eternally true!

NIGHT CLUB

Do they know
The surf at Salerno
Was black with broken bodies?
Do they think
In the warm and painted room
Dangling their frapped drink,
That bloom
Is red
With dead
Piled high—
At Leningrad and Kiev . . .
And while they sigh
(Showing a well-tailored sleeve)
At market-crash or ration-point,
Or mutton-joint,
A million mothers weep
And cry
In sleep,
*"Thy will be done!*
My son! My son!"

I thank George A. Boissard of Madison, Wisconsin, for the following concerning his old friend—Winsor McCay ("But," he says, "my God, he spelled it with a k!") the creator of "Little Nemo":

> It was my pleasure and privilege to work for about three years with Winsor Mac on the old *Commercial Tribune,* in Cincinnati. His art attracted the attention of Charley Christie, our managing editor, when he was limning sketches for the four "Now Showing" and "Next Week' panels at the front of Kohl & Middleton's Dime Museum on Vine street. Drawings so compelling that the W.C.T.U. would barge in to K. & M's.
>
> Winsor was with me when irate citizens hanged the husband of Missouri Rittenhouse and four of his co-toughies to two trees at Versailles, Indiana. They had burned the feet of an aged couple until they told 'em where their money was hid—the lynchees had, and indignant citizenry busted into the little jailhouse and gave 'em short shift. We got to the ground late, but Winsor made a sketch of Old Missouri which I'd love to see again. She was a tall old gel, somewhere's in the fifties, with a face that was a cross between Whistler's Mother and Lydia Pinkham. She strode through the lobby of the hotel at Osgood (the nearest railroad station) as dry-eyed, head-up and unemotional as Marie Antoinette in the tumbril.
>
> The *SRL* a couple years back said that August Derleth, over on the Sauk Prairie, was going to do a biography of McCay, but nothing seems to have come of it. Winsor did his work in a big room which was also occupied by Nat Stevenson. And I'm sure that it was this association which gave McCay the inspiration for his "If—Returned" series, which were printed in *Life*—Mitchell's Life and one way or another took Mac to the *Herald.*

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

## PERSONALS

*ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special and intelligent clientèle; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purpose and character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a strictly personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence, thus also enabling an exchange of reference. Rates: 10 cents per word including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.*

**WOMAN, THIRTYISH, PROGRESSIVE**-minded, with little or no soul, vitality (lots), would enjoy corresponding with men who are fun, fortyish and philosophical. New York State vicinity. Box 36-K.

**TRYON, NORTH CAROLINA,** Mill Farm, guest house, one mile from village. Peace and quiet, open, extensive mountain view. Charm and comfort, distinctive food. Rooms and sites with private bath. Mrs. Frances N. Williams.

**OLD-TIME** post-postal card collection wanted. Dargue, Kittanning, Pa.

**"GREEN SHADOWS,"** Lyme, Connecticut. No accommodations before September 6.

**HOW CAN I FIND OUT?** Information discreetly developed; any matter, person, problem; anywhere. International facilities. Established 1922. William Herman, 170 Broadway, New York.

**WOMAN SECRETARY,** trained and experienced in personnel management, wants exacting job with publishing executive or editor in New York City. Box 108-K.

**SAVE TIME AND BOTHER!** Unload onto me your subscription chores. I can find any publication in the world you wish to subscribe to through me. Let me regroup or retime your renewals so you can get Club or Holiday rates, premiums, etc. JOHN CREHORE, Box 2329-R, Washington 13, D. C.

**"HEAVEN AND HELL"** is the most definite teaching on certainty of immortality, life hereafter in writings of EMANUEL SWEDENBORG, famed scientist, philosopher, theologian, statesman. This book and "FROM THINGS SEEN AND HEARD" to new readers, introductory price five cents. SWEDENBORG FOUNDATION, Room 1635, 51 East 42nd Street, New York 17.

**ALERT YOUNG WOMAN,** professional, interested music, psychology, traveling, invites intelligent correspondence with professional man, fortyish. Box 82-K.

**RETIRING,** elderly college teacher, widower, welcomes correspondence in his western mountain cabin from sunny-hearted, outdoorsy, quiet-like folk. Birds, railroads, music, art, literature. Box 119-K.

**MIDDLE-AGED, INTELLIGENT, EDUCATED** gentleman invites correspondence with professional or business lady. Box 120-K.

**MAGICAL ENTERTAINMENT** by young author of two published books on legerdemain will help make any N. Y. C. meeting or party a success. Reasonable fee. Box 121-K.

**THE SAMARITAN EVANGELISTS** would like to hear from anyone interested in launching a new world-wide evangelistic organization. Box 122-K.

**INTELLIGENT, ATTRACTIVE, FORTYISH** widow seeks interesting position: tactful, resourceful, world traveled, cultured, artistic, gracious, dependable. Interests: people, psychology, philosophy. Experience: social work, research, personnel, interior decoration. Box 123-K.

(*Continued on page* 26)



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

## PERSONALS

(*Continued from page 25*)

**WHERE CAN I GET** Wallace's "Malay Archipelago," first published in middle 1800's and now out of print? Have been told it's the most authoritative book on this part of the world. Have been trying unsuccessfully to get a copy for past year and a half. Soldier. Box 131-K.

**PUBLISHER** desires attractively furnished, not too large apartment with maid's room on a 3 to 6 months lease, beginning early November, for two adults. Should be within easy distance of 5th Avenue bus. This includes lower 5th Avenue district as well as uptown. Call Miss Murphy between 9 and 4, Mu-5-6464.

**AMERICAN WOMAN,** M.A. degree, experienced in rewriting and translating medical and scientific articles, desires position in or near New York. Box 128-K.

**WANTED:** One copy of last English edition of Baedeker's Russia, apparently published about 1914, W. W. Parrish, American Bldg., Washington 4, D. C.

**CALIFORNIAN** wishes to correspond with men of refinement who possess a sense of humor and appreciate the better things. Box 129-K.

**BEAUTIFULLY SITUATED HOME,** furnished colonial era, on bank of Green River, southern Vermont. Four bedrooms, modern bathroom, open fireplaces, insulated throughout, gas, electricity, spring water. Ten miles south of Brattleboro on State road. Reference: telephone Butterfield 8-8448 or write J. B. Van Waveren, Green River, Vermont.

**PRIVILEGE OF CLUB ADDRESS** and telephone number through New York midtown organization. Special membership offer: $1.00 monthly. Box 130-K.

**CONGENIAL BACHELOR** wonders if southern gentlemen in general, Tennesseeans in particular, enjoy the SRL. Box 132-K.

**LIBRARIAN,** college degrees, extensive experience, executive and book selection ability, desires position immediately in college or public library, publishing or book store world. Box 133-K.

**BEE AND THISTLE INN,** Old Lyme, Conn. (Open all year). Delightful for vacation, furlough, honeymoon. Charming inn, finest food. Tel. 388-2. Booklet.

**SECRETARY AVAILABLE,** editorial experience. Box 134-K.

**COMPLETING YOUR NOVEL?** Barter part-time services for uninterrupted creative hours. Congenial literary household. Grandeval Farm, Kutztown, Pennsylvania.

**H.P.:** Saw you at the Goldman Band concert last week, but lost you in the crowd. Thought you were supposed to be in Nicaragua. Where can I reach you? Hilda. Box 125-K.

**FOR ROBOT HOBBYISTS:** A bi-monthly mimeographed magazine covering London roblitz, future robot warfare, etc. 25c copy, $1.50 a year. Robot Warfare Journal, Chillicothe, Ohio.

**GOING TO EUROPE** after the war? Would you like to exchange ideas with some who are? Box 126-K.

**SOFT-VOICED SOPRANO,** pianist, will find grateful correspondent in mature, Eastern college glee club tenor. Hobbies: reading, roses. Box 127-K.

**OHIOAN,** feminine, thirtyish, sincere, friendly, would be delighted to receive letters from gentlemen. Box 914-J.

**SOS FROM THE SRL:** Can you part with your private stock of August 12 and August 19 issues of our estimable publication? Reward: Our undying gratitude and 15c for each copy, plus mailing costs.

## PERSONALS

**FLORIDA WINTER** for educated, refined woman who would do cooking for herself and me. Am recovering from illness which is neither contagious nor infectious. Please give details of self and financial expectations. Occultist preferred, if possible. Box 112-K.

**WOULD LIKE TO CORRESPOND** with liberal-minded persons interested in liberal magazine. Box 113-K.

**MIDWESTERNER,** feminine, would be appreciative of letters from gentleman thirtyish, fortyish, interested in art of living. Box 114-K.

**WHAT AM I BID** for 1st Edition (1759) Hogarth's "Dissertation on a Mallow?" Box 115-K.

**CONGENIAL, YOUNG, ILLINOIS BACHELOR,** seeking freedom from ennui, invites correspondence with similar contemporaries. Box 116-K.

**NEW YORK STATE:** Young people interested in Metaphysics, would you like to correspond with a discussion group? Box 117-K.

**HAVE EXCEPTIONALLY HIGH I.Q.** for a young woman, according to psychiatrists, but cannot seem to get the hang of chess. Am I stupid, or is it possible that my emotional nature and my loneliness make me incapable of the cold calculation shown by chessmen, insurance salesmen and murderers? Box 118-K.

**SENSAYUMA GIRL FRIDAY** write to appreciative Crusoe. Box 124-K.

**NOT A CIVILIAN?** Please be informed that correspondence between service men and women and persons not known to them is in violation of War Department instructions to all military personnel. We announced this some time ago, but your mail continues to pour in, and, our office space being limited, we beg you to desist. We simply cannot forward any mail received from service men. If you wish your letters returned, we shall be glad to oblige.

**BOOKS FOR SEAMEN:** The American Merchant Marine Library needs 300,000 books in the next six months, 75,000 in New York alone. Our sailors find their only diversion and relaxation, during long and often perilous voyages, in the books supplied by this Library, and they are omnivorous readers. Last year we made up libraries for the voyages of 2198 merchant ships. Look around for good books you are through with, then write or phone Mrs. Henry Howard, American Merchant Marine Library, 45 Broadway, New York City. (Phone BOwling Green 9-0220) and don't underrate our seamen's intelligence.

## CLASSIFIED

*ADVERTISING RATES for this Department are: For twenty-six insertions, 7c a word; for thirteen insertions, 8c a word; for six insertions, 9c a word; fewer insertions, 10c a word. Forms close Friday, eight days before publication date. The Saturday Review of Literature, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.*

### BOOKPLATES

FREE CATALOG. Several hundred beautiful designs. Address "Bookplates," Yellow Springs, Ohio.

### ART SERVICES

PHOTOGRAPHER RETOUCHER, artist, copies, restores torn, faded snapshots, paintings. E. Tave, 17 E. 42nd Street, N. Y. 17.

### LITERARY SERVICES

REVIEWS, ESSAYS, CLUB PAPERS, SPECIAL TREATISES, to requirements. Education, literary, economic, historical, investigations. Extensive experience. Charges reasonable. AUTHORS RESEARCH BUREAU, 516 Fifth Avenue, New York.

## CLASSIFIED

LITERARY AGENT FOR 24 YEARS—We sell books, short stories, articles, verse, plays, scenarios, radio scripts. Editing, revision, criticism, typing, ghost writing. Beginners welcomed. Specialists in hard-to-sell manuscripts. Write for information regarding our resultful service. ANITA DIAMANT, WRITERS WORKSHOP, 280 Madison at 40 Street, New York.

LAURENCE ROBERTS, Literary Agent. Stories, novels, articles, books marketed, criticized, revised. Our writers sell. 47 West 42nd Street, New York.

DOROTHY MACKENZIE. Literary Agent, successor to Mathilde Weil. Manuscripts criticized and marketed. Send for circular. 535 Geary Street, San Francisco.

LITERARY ASSISTANCE. Criticism, editing, revision, research. Articles, stories, books, theses. Long experience. MARY DOUGLAS, 430 West 119th Street, New York 27.

MANUSCRIPTS INTELLIGENTLY TYPED, superior workmanship. JENE STERN, 347 Madison Avenue, New York, MU 4-0087.

ORIGINAL SERMONS, SPEECHES, LECTURES, THESES, prepared—also printed sermons, addresses. Criticism, rewriting, ghostwriting of book-length manuscripts, short stories. Fiction Courses. Free circulars. CONTINENTAL WRITERS' AND SPEAKERS' BUREAU, 210 Fifth Avenue, Dept. SR, New York.

ELEANOR KING, agent, books, short stories, screen plays, all languages. 19 W. 44, New York 18.

AUTHORS, ATTENTION—We are considering adding to our list of publications acceptable manuscripts of prose and poetry. MOSHER PRESS, 85 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

ACCOUNTANT, specializing professional clientele, handles accounting by mail. Reports, tax statements, etc. Farris Morton, Route 3, Box 871, Salem, Oregon.

MANUSCRIPTS TYPED, reasonable, accurate, prompt. Aimee Porter, 1150 Partridge Ave., Beloit, Wis.

### BACK NUMBERS

BACK NUMBER MAGAZINE SPECIALISTS. Established 1889. Abraham's Magazine Service, 56 East 13th Street, N. Y.

BOUND VOLUMES I-XIX SATURDAY REVIEW for sale. Bass, 2310 Sherman, Evanston, Illinois.

### FRENCH BOOKS

FRENCH BOOK COMPANY, 556 Madison Avenue, New York's only French Bookshop where French Books are sold exclusively. Mail order catalogues, 20c.

WE PAY CASH for French books, complete libraries, and smaller groups. Correspondence invited. FRENCH BOOK SHOP, 85 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

### LANGUAGES

PORTUGUESE. Also Spanish and 30 other languages. Booklet SR. See our announcement in next week's Educational Issue. BRAZILIAN BOOKS, 18 East 41st, New York, N. Y.

### BOOKS

BOOKS by and about Walt Whitman. First editions, good books, fine prints. Alfred E. Goldsmith, 42 Lexington Ave., New York.

FIRST LADIES OF THE WHITE HOUSE in miniature. Book with 34 photographs. Authentic costumes, story, dates, description of gowns. $1. Mary Ann Horneman, Beloit, Kansas.

FREE! AMAZING BARGAIN BULLETINS. Publishers Overstocks. Nations Bookstore, 217½ E. 170th Street, N. Y. C. 56.

### OUT-OF-PRINT

NEW AND SECOND HAND BOOKS in or out of print. If it's a book we may have it. MENDOZA'S, 15 Ann Street. Oldest old book shop in New York.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

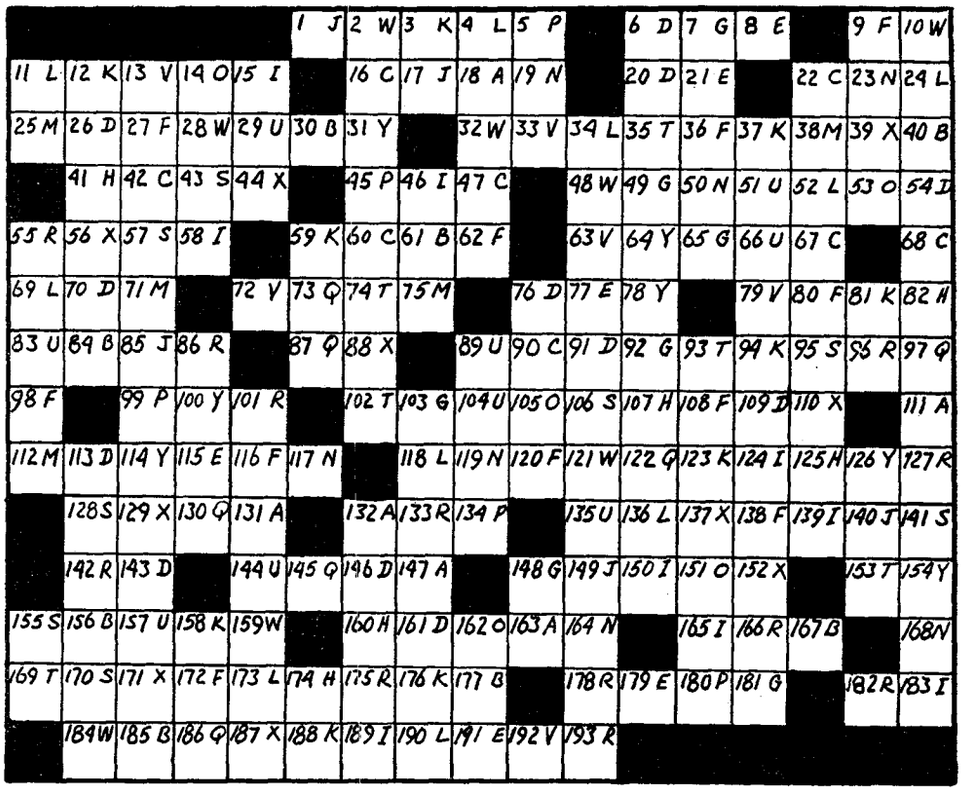
# The Crostics Club

ANOTHER noted DCer has "crossed the bar," Mortimer E. Cooley, Dean Emeritus of the Colleges of Engineering and Architecture of Michigan University, at the age of 89. For over six years I have been the recipient of delightfully stimulating letters from Dean Cooley, beginning in gratitude for DCs to tide him over a neuritis attack when he was a patient in the Army and Navy General Hospital at Hot Springs; continuing in his generous sharing on two occasions of his pecan and sugar cane produce from his Georgia plantation, in "salutation for the hunting my DCs had afforded him"; drawing for me a design for cracking pecans when my efforts failed to find such; chronicling his 60th reunion at Annapolis, July '38; and including me in his yearly Christmas and New Year's Greetings. One I especially cherish of him in his spacious library. The last stanza of the accompanying poem might, I assume, be an epitome of his life:

And when
On New Year's Day
You start another race,
May it be run and fairly won;
No task begun and left undone
That you can squarely face
On life's highway.
Amen!

"I thought you might be interested in this," writes Miriam deFord Shipley from San Francisco. "At a luncheon recently I sat opposite Mrs. Alice Park, the veteran feminist, one of the founders of the National Woman's Party. My ear caught the word 'Double-Crostics.' 'Are you a fan?' I asked. 'Yes,' she said, '*but* I had to write a protest to Mrs. K. for using the word educatress.' We shook hands on both counts." *Her* protest I have not received, but one did come from Elizabeth T. Kent, Kentfield, Calif. "I believe you intended to start something by the use of that preposterous word, *educatress*," she writes, with more in the same spirit! "I hope," she adds, "you have a lot of protests and are glad of them. It is a good thing to jar us into consideration of the wrong use of this terminology," etc.

I used that ending in all innocence to help by eliminating any males. I was taught and still like, "Julia Marlowe was an actor," but, "I met an actress (to discriminate the sex.) However, if it is offensive to puzzlers it shall be eliminated. I was brought up by parents in the van of the woman suffrage movement; studied biology at college to please my father who wanted me to be a physician; enjoyed in a long close friendship Dr. Eliza M. Mosher, pioneer woman physician; taught in a girls high school with over a hundred other women on the faculty; married happily an educator with high views of womanhood; and yet because of or perhaps despite these experiences I am not a feminist! E. S. K.




# Double-Crostics: No. 546

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

### DIRECTIONS

*To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.*

*When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).*

**The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 8 of this issue.**

### DEFINITIONS

**A.** To give birth to; to bring forth.

**B.** Formed with sagacious cunning (comp.)

**C.** Founder of the Boston Conservatory of Music (1867); German composer in America.

**D.** Flemish sculptor in Italy (1710-1793).

**E.** French sculptor and designer of medals (1810-87).

**F.** *Spizella aborea* (bird; 2 wds.)

**G.** English mariner with Drake—featured in "Westward Ho!"

**H.** Luncheon, esp. at noonday (Orig. in India).

**I.** American inventor of machine gun used in French army. (1826-85).

**J.** Consumed.

**K.** Opera by Verdi.

**L.** Projector, manager, or conductor of an opera or concert company.

**M.** American Indian conical tent.

**N.** Companion of Odysseus turned into swine by Circe.

**O.** A pure-white diamond of very high grade.

**P.** The sum of good qualities that make character (Gr.)

**Q.** Leading Italian actress in Paris (1822-1906).

**R.** British explorer and author (1863-1942) (India: Kashmir, etc.)

**S.** A little hollow; a dimple.

**T.** Without mooring or anchor.

**U.** Publication of E. R. Stettinius, Jr. (1944; comp.)

**V.** To permeate with a tempering element.

**W.** Checked or hindered the motion or action of.

**X.** Furtive; shy.

**Y.** Queen of Jerusalem (1212-27).

### WORDS

111 163 132 18 147 131

40 185 177 156 30 61 84 167

47 90 22 60 16 67 42 68

70 161 109 20 113 6 76 143 146 54 26 91

21 115 8 191 77 179

62 172 27 98 116 120 80 138 36 108 9

65 49 92 181 103 7 148

174 82 41 107 125 160

165 183 124 139 46 150 180 15 58

140 149 85 17 1

81 188 59 176 123 3 158 94 12 37

11 24 34 190 4 118 173 52 69 136

38 71 25 75 112

117 168 50 119 19 23 164

14 53 162 151 105

99 5 134 45 180

122 73 186 87 130 97 145

86 142 96 127 193 133 175 182 178 166 55 101

128 43 141 155 57 170 95 106

35 153 93 109 74 102

144 51 66 83 89 104 157 135 29

72 33 63 79 13 192

121 159 10 2 32 28 48 184

56 129 171 39 187 44 88 137 152 110

31 126 64 114 100 78 154



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The challenging first novel of a fine new American writer

"Warren Beck's excellent first novel is a thoughtful and absorbingly dramatic study. . . . The action revolves around big Bill Hutten, a permanent adolescent whose fast feet make him the football sensation of his time, the hero of his community and in the end a menace to his country. . . . Besides following this flamboyant career . . . matters are opened up on a broader scale to include heroes and hero-worship, 'class' differences, the brute lying latent beneath so many blue serge suits, the psychology of sports, the freakish operations of chance and the fascinating and fearful enigma of personality. *Final Score* can be read purely for the story's sake, though it would be impossible for an alert reader not to observe certain of the parallels. . . . *Final Score* will arouse both admiration and vigilance."

—CHARLES LEE, *Philadelphia Record*

# FINAL SCORE

## by Warren Beck

At all bookshops
$2.00

BORZOI BOOKS

"A more ambitious and timely subject could scarcely be undertaken. . . . He has brought to the problem enough of honesty and vigor to make a provocative story of it."

—NATHAN L. ROTHMAN, *Saturday Review*

"Exceeding thoughtful . . . extraordinarily impressive. It is as shrewd an analysis of a native proto-fascist as I have come across in a very long time."

—LEWIS BROWNE

"One of the best novels I've read in recent years . . . a genuine work of art."

—KELSEY GUILFOIL, *Chicago Tribune*

"Absorbingly interesting."

—HENRY BELLAMANN

*Published by* ALFRED • A • KNOPF • New York 22

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED